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—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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LEADING CANDIDATE

Yessiree, this full-color portrait of
MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, Alfred
E. Neuman—suitable for framing (or for
wrapping fish)—is a leading candidate
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LETTERS DEPT.



NEW MUSICALS BASED ON BIG MOVIES

What a superb musical adaptation of
"Jaws"! I am sure that even now, Broad-
way producers are engaged in rounds of
backbiting to determine who will land this
new splash hit.

Holly Spencer
De Pere, Wisc.

I can visualize your musical version of
"The Towering Inferno" in the Busby
Berkeley tradition. Fifty chorines as fire-
women; white slickers, white fire-hoses,
and white hook-and-ladders... neon-lit!
And lofty overhead camera shots of the
whole troupe, singing and precision-leap-
ing into kaleidoscopic nets below.

Steve Fiore
Rochester, N.Y.

Jacobs has a lively song and dance part-
ner in Mort Drucker.

Paige Van Antwerp
Vero Beach, Fla.

Frank Jacobs and Mort Drucker hit a
high C with their "Jaws"!

Richard Nass
Euclid, Ohio

With Marlon Brando singing "The
Godfather" role, you're liable to hear a
hoarse opera!

Ernesto Murillo
San Juan, P.R.

THE SHADOW KNOWS

I asked my students in art class to name
an important contemporary artist. They
all answered, "Sergio Aragonés." I'll ac-
cept that, without a shadow of a doubt!

Peggy Kelly
St. Augustine School
Union City, N.J.

Let he who is perfect cast the first
shadow. How about it, Sergio?

Bettina Gargiulo
Jersey City, N.J.

BOB JONES GETS A BUNNY HUG

Your new cover artist, Bob Jones,
makes plushy bunnies, but he won't be
around long if they look more intelligent
than Alfred.

DeAnne Kay
Oakland, N.J.

A hare-raising cover! But your con-
juror, Alfred E., is up to his old tricks.
You never lift a rabbit by its ears.

David Halprin
Albany, N.Y.

Jones does a honey of a bunny!

Vera Mitchell
Dallas, Texas

TRAFFIC COMMISSIONER OF THE YEAR

Jack Davis and Dick De Bartolo de-
serve medals for "MAD's Traffic Com-
missioner Of The Year." Mainly, the
Cloverleaf Cluster and the Bronze Under-
pass.

Thom Gatewood
Alexandria, Va.

Your "Traffic Commissioner Of The
Year" drove me up the wall!

David Fowler
Oxnard, Calif.

As a stewardess, I'm thankful that
"Commissioner Snaffau" has nothing to
do with *air traffic*!

Irma Zwan
Vancouver, B.C.

"Pothole John" Linzey seems to have
found himself, as MAD's "Man in the
Street."

Mel Reese
Staten Island, N.Y.

COMING IN OUT OF THE FOLD

Al Jaffee's jolting "Bowl Game" Fold-
In is such an eye opener, I went back and
scrutinized his last sixty or seventy Fold-
Ins. He is so consistently ingenious and
conversant with truly vital human issues,
I'm afraid I've taken his feature for
granted all these years. Even his inclusion
of distracting little props, such as the Bad
Year zeppelin, that are obliterated in the
folding process, reflect how much thought
goes into his constructions.

Rachel Parti
Los Angeles, Calif.



Sergio Aragonés . . . by the penumbras!

FIFTY YEARS OF COLLEGE LIFE

After reading Larry Siegel's "A MAD Look At Fifty Years of College Life In America," I could see how he would have had to stay in college for fifty years. What I don't see is how he ever made it into college.

George O'Connor
Louisville, Ky.

If it weren't for colleges, how would parents know where to send the spending money?

Carol Faas
Gainesville, Fla.

GOOD TIME-SLOT

Thanks for your spoof on "Good Times," Torres and Siegel! As the poet said:

There was a producer named Lear,
Who made it so perfectly clear
That all of his shows
Were going to go

On for year, after year, after year.

Joe Wheaton
Lebanon, Tenn.

"Good Time-Slot" was RIDIC-U-LOUS!

Doug Pahl
Lexington, Ohio

DON MARTIN'S KNEE ACTION

"Late One Afternoon In A Doctor's Office" shows the Martin medic rapping the kneecap instead of the tendon below. That'll do it every time!

Rachel Ralston
San Francisco, Calif.

Don Martin must be remarkably healthy! He sure *kneedles* the medical profession!

Don Phelps
Cohasset, Mass.

Don Martin's patella reflex really *knee*-capped the climax!

Charles Little
Washington, D.C.

I WANT, TOO

Norman Mingo has unfurled James Montgomery Flagg!

Keitha Roe
Ames, Iowa

On your back cover, we noticed the picture of the girl dressed in a costume as Uncle Sam. We're wondering if you're being sympathetic with women's needs or are you making fun of them.

Isabella Vizzini
Marta Sanchez
Laura Garcia
St. Callistus School
Chicago, Ill.

There are a lot of supposedly "manly" magazines that degrade Uncle Sam's daughters, let alone consider them as equals. MAD is all the more virile for its uncompromising "I Want, Too" statement.

Lisa Kaufman
Lansdowne, Pa.

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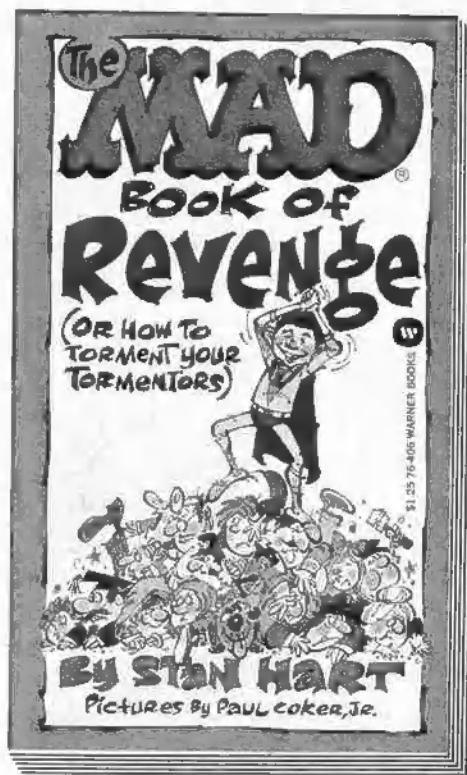
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LOONEY BINGE DEPT.

HERE WE GO WITH OUR VERSION OF THE RECENT SMASH-HIT-MOVIE ABOUT A

ONE CUCKOO FLE

My wife did a really terrible thing! She was unfaithful to me! Now, I know lots of wives are unfaithful to their Husbands! But mine was unfaithful to me **WHILE I WAS MAKING LOVE TO HER!**

If I don't get my way, I act like a little baby! Not all the time! Just once in a while! Now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta wee-wee!

F-f-f-f-fort-fort-fortunately, m-m-m-m-my p-p-p-problem d-d-doesn't sh-sh-sho-sh-sh-SHOW!

I'm just a little slow accomplishing things! Like this morning, it took me ten minutes to lace up my shoes! And I was trying to do it faster than usual by putting on Loafers!

I'm tired all the time! No matter how much sleep I get, I feel tired! Like . . . last night . . . I was so tired, I had to get UP from a deep sleep to take a NAP!

HE should complain! At least he's got a problem he can talk about! I'm deaf and dumb!! Just like in my **LAST** movie! Did you see me? I played the **BUILDING** in "Towering Inferno"!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

I think Mr. McGoofy is going to be a "Live One," Nurse Wretched!

Don't let looks deceive you, Nurse Pillow! Now call off the things in his travel bag so I can write them on my list—

One pair of socks! Two tee-shirts! One pair of glasses . . . with fake nose and moustache attached! One large "Whoopee Cushion"! One mound of "Fake Doggie-Do"! one "Joy Buzzer" . . .

Hi there, guys! McGoofy's the name! Faking Mental Illness is my game . . . !

M-m-m-my n-name is B-B-B-Billy Bib-Bib-Bib—

Let's keep it on a first name basis, kid! I'm not gonna be here long enough for you to finish telling me your last name!

I've got a pair!

You think YOU got a pair! Dig these French Cards! Now, that lady! SHE's got a PAIR!

You treat being in a Mental Institution like it was a Party! Why are you in here?

I'm here to be observed! The Doctors think I have Terminal Charisma!



TROUBLE-MAKER AMONG THE INSANE! NO, IT'S NOT RALPH NADER! IT'S . . .

W OVER THE REST



Boy, this is some set of losers you're putting me in with! I didn't think people in Mental Institutions were that sick!

What are you talking about?! Those are the **PATIENTS!** You want to know about **SICK** . . . meet the **STAFF** of this place! **THAT'S SICK!!**

I've got a problem! I'm so good-natured on the outside, I turn my own insides! But if the truth be known, I do have one teeny-weeny fault! I love to castrate men —emotionally that is!

I've got a problem! I never talk unless I've got something important to say! The last time I spoke was in 1951!

We have a problem! We love to push people around and talk down to them! But don't get us wrong! We don't do it so much for the enjoyment of it! We do it for the cash!

I've got a problem! I'm good-natured and understanding and kind! I have respect for everybody's feelings! In other words . . . by today's general standards, I'm nuts!



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

McGoofy, I've been looking at your record! You've been lazy, belligerent, quarrelsome with authority, resentful toward work, hostile, outspoken . . .

Aw, c'mon, Doc! Gi'me a break! Read some of the **good things!**

These **ARE** the good things! Now let me read you some of the **BAD** things! You made love to a 15-year-old girl!

But, Doc! What **ELSE** could I do?! I mean, 15 is much too young to get married!

Well, yes, but 15 years old! That's terrible!!

Listen, Doc! She had a body that just **wouldn't quit!** I mean, I've been around!! And she showed me plenty that was new!

Hmmmm! I see!

Anything else you need to know, Doc . . . ?

Yes . . . uh . . . that girl! You don't happen to have her address and telephone number . . . do you??



Nurse Wretched, can I watch TV?

No, Mr. McGoofy! It's time for our **Group Therapy Session!** Now, when we ended the last session, Mr. Hurting was telling us that he suspected his wife of dating other men . . . and some of you here hinted that you suspected Mr. Hurting of dating other men!

Wow!!
Forget TV!!
This is like watching "**As The World Turns**" **LIVE!!**

BBilly . . . would you like to start the meeting today?

N-n-n-n—

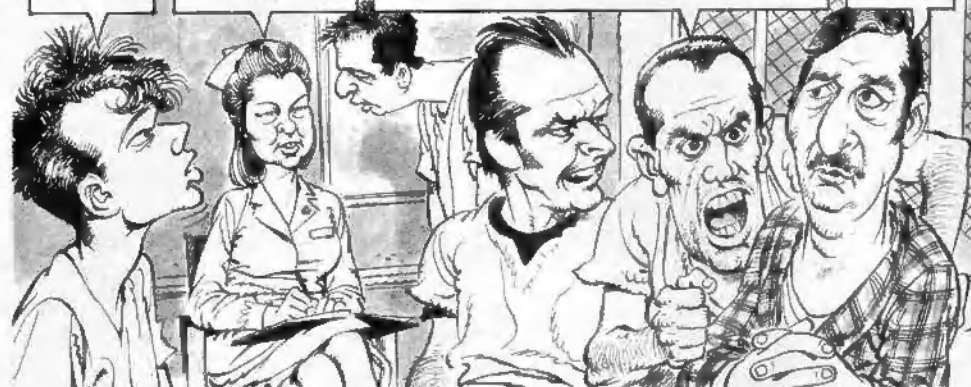
BBilly . . . next time, why don't you just nod!? This is only an hour session!

Mr. Hurting . . . will you start?

Well, I can only speculate on the **real humanistic problems** in juxtaposition to the individuals involved! As formless as the content may appear on a superficial or theanthropic level—

What are you talking about? I mean . . . **WHAT'N HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!!**

If I knew what the hell I was **TALKING** about, I wouldn't **BE HERE** you idiot!



Okay, boys! That's all for today! It was **very good!**

Very good??? Nothing was said! Nothing was solved! It was all just yelling and fighting!

I know! It was very good for **ME!** I love yelling and fighting! It's so—**so SICK!!**

Come on, Chief! Let me show you how to play basketball!

Hey, man! He's deaf and dumb!

So??! If he has the makings of an **UMPIRE**, he can learn how to play basketball! Now, you see this ball, Chief??! The object is to throw this ball into the basket! Get it? Ball . . . into basket . . .

That was **very good**, Chief . . . except for **one little detail!** You're supposed to wait until **I LET GO OF THE BALL!!**



Okay . . . a cigarette is a dime! Understand? Now, who's betting?

I'll bet 20 cents! Where's your two cigarettes?

You got change for a cigar?



Uh . . . Nurse Wretched, could you lower that music please? We can't concentrate on our game!

The music is there to **soothe the nerves!**

But it's so **LOUD**, it's **upsetting everybody!**

But everybody **HAS** to be upset, Mr. McGoofy, or there wouldn't be any reason to **soothe** them, would there??!



STOP IT! STOP IT! I will not stop the music!!

I can **LIVE** with the lousy music! It's your **LOGIC!!** I think it's beginning to make **SENSE** to me . . . which means I'm on my way to being **REALLY NUTS!!**





Now, now, McGoofy!
You **MUST** swallow
your pill! And if
you won't take it
ORALLY, I'm sure
we can find some
OTHER way for
you to take it!

You know
what you
can do with
that pill?
You can
take it and
shove it—

Oh?!
Then you
DO
know
the
other
way!!

You know,
you
shouldn't
provoke
Nurse
Wretched
that way!

You guys
are
really
terrified
of her,
aren't
you?

What do you
mean, **US**
GUYs?! You
swallowed
the pill,
didn't you?

No, I
didn't!
See?!?
It's
still
here
in my—

Congratulations,
Mac! You did it!
You really did
it! You stood up
to the system!!

G-u-l-p!!

Uh—next
time you
want to
congratulate
me, just
shake my
hand, huh?



The **World**
Series starts
today, Nurse
Wretched!
I'd like to
suggest that
we **change** the
work schedule
so the boys
can watch it!

That is impossible,
Mr. McGoofy! The
work schedule took
years and years of
research to perfect!

We work 9 to 5 with
an hour for lunch!
That took years of
research to perfect?

Yes! And besides!
Now that the boys
have gotten **USED**
to it, it would
be very hard for
them to re-adjust!

The boys here
could re-adjust
in a minute!!

I'm not
TALKING
about the
boys **HERE**!
I'm talking
about **MY**
boys . . . the
Employees!!
THEY can't
re-adjust!!

Let's
take a
vote!
How many
guys
want to
watch
the
World
Series?

I only
count
four
hands
—and
two of
them
are
yours!

That's because you've
intimidated everybody!

That is ridiculous! I
do NOT intimidate!
Now . . . all those who
DIDN'T raise their
hands will get **Dinner**
tonight! The rest of
you can suck a lemon!



Marteeny,
you can't
put a hotel
on that
property!

Yes, I can!

Justweak,
tell him
why he
can't put
a hotel
on that
property!

Because a hotel
is a great, great
big building made
of cement . . . and
that's just a
teeny weeny little
Monopoly board!

Will you guys
stop bickering!
Because it's
SHOWER time!!

I'm **WET**!
HEL-L-P!
I'm **WET**!!

C'mon, now!
I barely
touched you!

You didn't
touch me at
all! I wet
MYSELF!

Tell you what! I'll bet
anybody in this room
that I can pick up this
whole marble sink!!

I'll bet you all the
loose change in this
ashtray that you can't!

Marteeny . . .
a cigarette
may be a
DIME, but an
ashtray-full of
BUTTS is
Not "Loose
Change"!!



Okay... I'll show you guys...
I'll... gasp... I'll... ooof...
... I'll pick... puff-puff...
I'll move this... pant-pant...



You couldn't do it, could you?!

No, but I tried! You gotta give me something for TRYING!!

What do you need US for? You gave YOURSELF something!

A HERNIA!!



Okay, boys! I'm taking you all on a little fishing trip! And to add to the festivities, I've brought along this little lady! Meet DANDY...

Hi! I understand you guys are all crazy! I could tell that even before McGoofy tipped me off! I've been on this bus for two minutes... and no one's tried to rip my clothes off!

I mean, you GOTTA be nuts!!



Hey! Where do you guys think you're going?!

DOCTORS?! Where are your BAGS?!

What instruments?! I'm talking about your GOLF BAGS! Who ever heard of Doctors traveling without Golf Bags?!

On an OUTING! We're Doctors!!

We never carry our instruments on leisure trips!



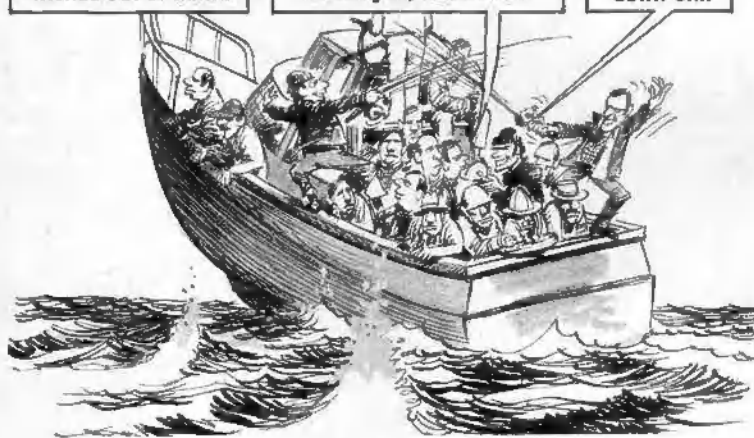
Okay, boys! These are little fishes! Now, what do we do with little fishes?

No, we catch big fishes!

We knew that! But if we said it, then you couldn't continue to act so patronizing toward us! We're mentally ill, not idiots!!

Boy, it's getting harder and harder to find people to look down on!!

We make little sandwiches out of them!



G-g-g-gee, Dan-Dan-Dandy, you-you-you ha-ha-ha-have su-su-su-such b-be-beautiful h-h-h-h-hair!

Thanks! But it's gotten a little GRAY since you started to compliment me!

A-a-and y-y-you h-h-have su-such lov-lov-lovely—

Eyes? Lips?!? Legs?!? Hands?!? Just nod "yes" when I hit it, Kiddo! It'll save a lot of valuable time!



Don't disturb me, you guys, unless it's a real emergency! Now that I've shown you how to fish, I'm taking Dandy into the cabin! C'mon, Dandy!

Aren't you at least gonna say something romantic to me—to put me in the mood?

How about five bucks?

Oh, wow, Mac! You really have a way with words!!





Boys . . . Mr. McGoofy has been running a gambling operation and you boys have been losing all your cigarettes to him! And so—as of this moment—there'll be no more gambling!

You wouldn't want to **BET** on that! I'll give you 10-to-1!

I'll **TAKE** that bet!! Put me down for ten cartons!

Wait a minute! I said no more gambling for the patients!

But I'm not a patient! I'm **Nurse Pillow!** Your Assistant!

My God! You've been so quiet all these years. I thought you were one of the chronics who had this "thing" for wearing ■ Nurse's uniform!

I want my cigarettes! Stop acting like a baby and give me that . . . !

I am **NOT** acting like ■ **BABY!** And don't you dare touch my **Teddy Bear!** **HELP!**

EMERGENCY!! EMERGENCY!! Bring ■ strait jacket for Mr. McGoofy, and a playpen for Mr. Justweak!



You may be deaf and dumb, but you sure can fight! You knocked the **STUFFING** out of that **Teddy Bear!** Also eight Guards! Thanks, Chief!

You're welcome, Mac!

Why you old son of a ☆ & ☆ You can **TALK!!** Why haven't you ever spoken before this?

Oh, I dunno! Didn't you ever find yourself in one of those **moods** where you just don't feel like talking to anyone?

Yeah, I have! But not for **sixteen straight years!**



I don't know what you're gonna do with me, Doc . . . but I think the least we could do is **shake hands!**

Sorry about that, Doc! It's just a **Joy Buzzer** I happened to have! Hope you don't mind a little **SHOCK . . . !**

No . . . that's okay, Mr. McGoofy! I hope you don't mind a **BIG shock!!**



Evidently, the shock therapy had no effect on you, Mr. McGoofy! You come back here—and you're still clowning around!

Now . . . please put out those candles!

They're not **CANDLES!** They're my **FINGERS GLOWING!** And if you wanna see **TOES glow,** I'll take off my shoes!!

We got to get out of here, Chief! Fun's fun, but the laughs are getting further between!

You go, Mac! I'm not ready! I'm not big enough, yet!

"**Not BIG enough yet?**" Listen, Chief, you're the only man I know who plays basketball by throwing the ball **DOWN!**

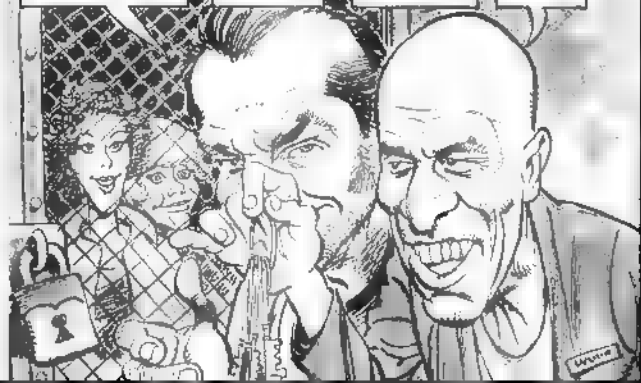


I've planned a farewell party for the boys, Mr. Turkey! **Unlock the window gates,** and I'll give you ten bucks!

I'm not getting into any trouble! I'll give you some **booze!**

I said I'm not getting into any trouble! I'll give you one of the girls!

Man, le'me at them window gates! Trouble, here I come!!



We're in trouble! Here comes the **SUPERVISOR!**

**Don't
worry!
We
got
enough
for
her,
too!**

What are those women doing in this Ward!

I think
it's the
Fox Trot!

I think it's
the **HUSTLE!**

**Gee, Ma'am,
this is 1963!
The Hustle
hasn't been
invented yet!**

Mr. Turkey . . . the Hustle
SHE'S doing was invented
thousands of years ago!!

Don't be angry, Ma'am! It's just that people have—uh—certain natural **URGES that call out to be **SATISFIED**!**

Get them out of here, and then I want to talk to you about those "urges"!

Shall I come to
your office??

No . . . meet
me ■ the
basement
behind the
boiler . . .
and bring
some of
that **booze!**



Well,
g'bye
gang!
I'm
off to
Canada!

G-g-g-
g-good-
b-b-b-
b-bye,
M-M-M—

**Could you speed
it up, BBilly?
The train leaves
in four hours!**

C.c.could 1-1-

You—you want a **date** with **Dandy**?! Sure!! Why not?!
On **ONE CONDITION**! You
can do anything you want
with her! **ANYTHING**!
Except . . . **NO TALKING!**

LOOK at this place! Maybe **NOW** Nurse Wretched will finally show some emotion!

Mr. Pock!
Start picking up this mess!

**Mr.
Mark!
See if
anyone
is
missing!**

Nurse Pillow!
Arrange the
features on
my face to
show extreme
anger!



Everyone's here except BBilly—and he's in that room . . . making love to a woman!

Is he finished?

No, he's still on the "I-I-love" of "I love you!"

Well, BBilly, are you ASHAMED of what you've done?

Frankly, no, Nurse Wretched! It's an experience I've dreamed about, and I'm glad it finally came to fruition!

BBilly . . .
you are a
terrible
disappoint-
ment to me!

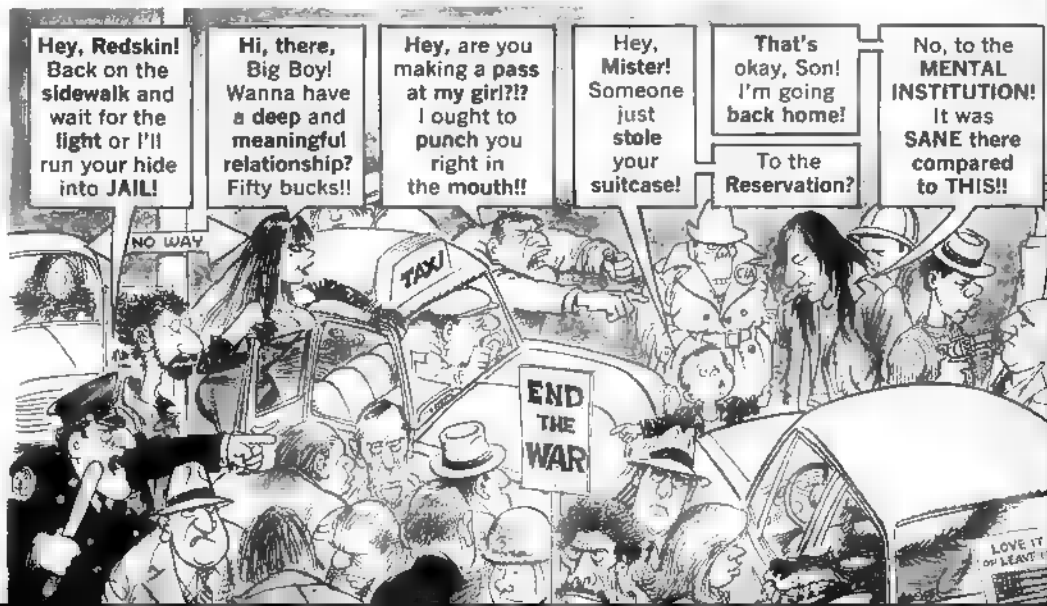
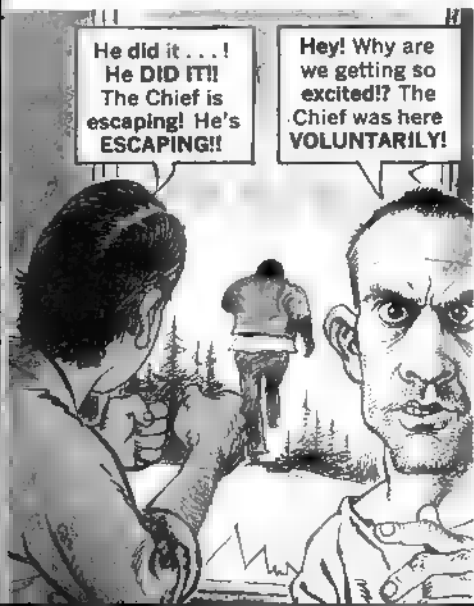
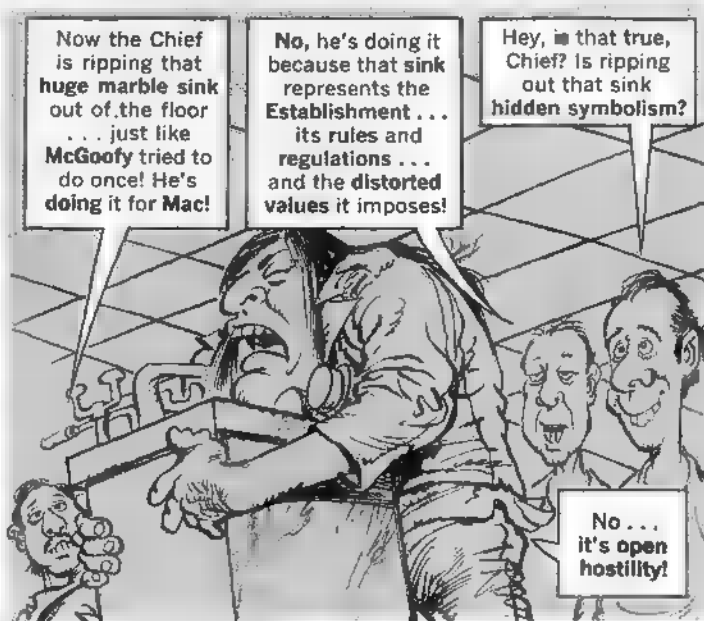
What...?
For making
love to a
woman...?

Not so much
for that as
the nerve of
you to stop
STUTTERING
without my
PERMISSION!
Your Mother
will hear
about this!!

N-n-no!
P-p-p-p-
p-please
d-d-d-d-
d-don't
t-t-tell
m-m-m-my
M-mother!

That's better! But I'm STILL going to tell her because I see something in you today that I've never seen before and I want to destroy it immediately! That rotten SELF-CONFIDENCE!!

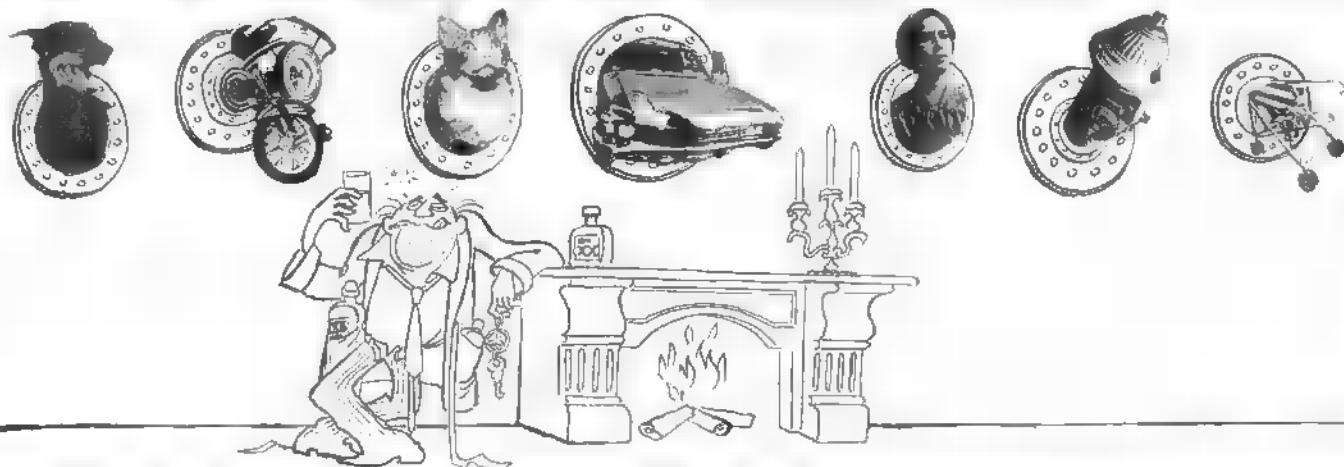
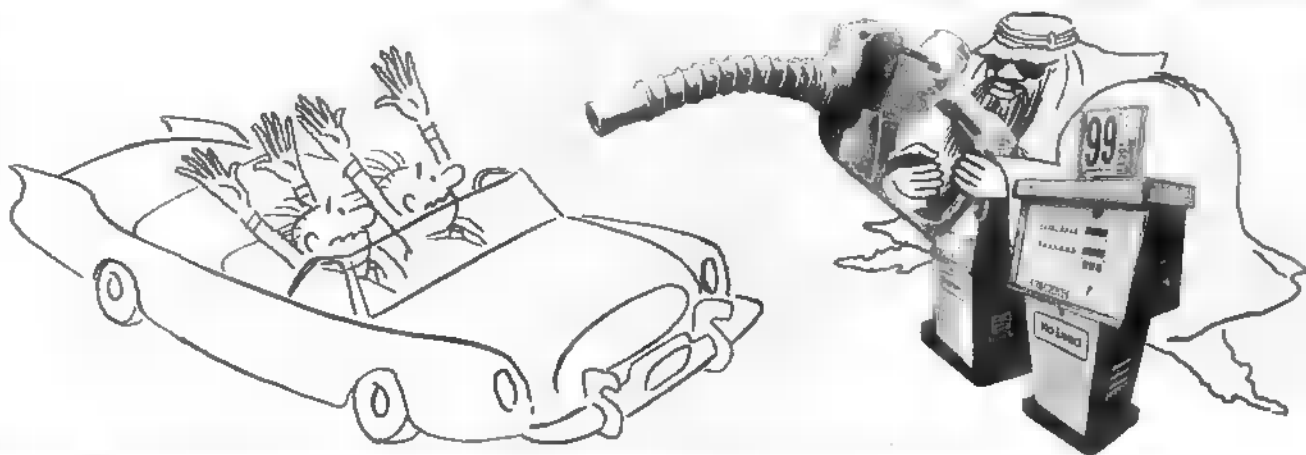




TEN LEAST WANTED DEPT.

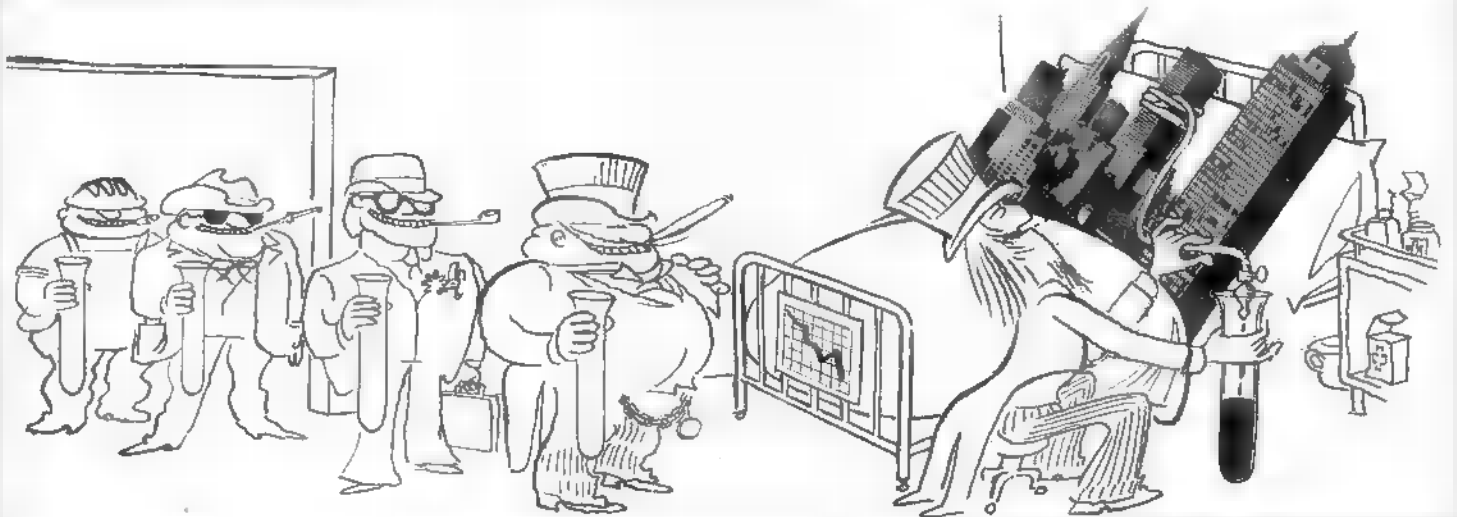
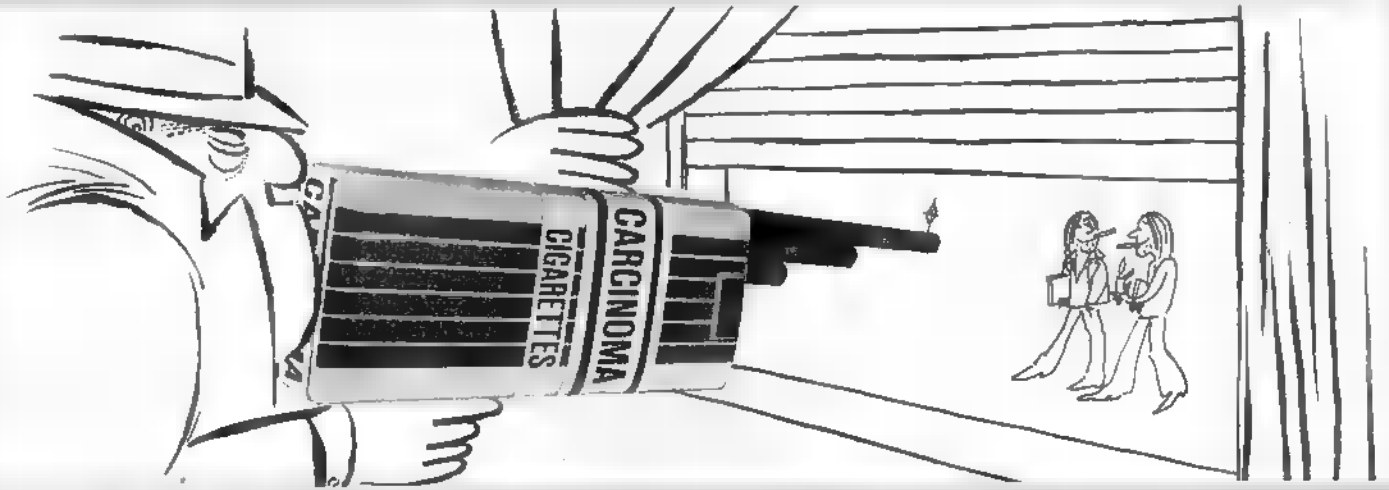
AN ANGRY MAD LOOK AT UNPUNIS

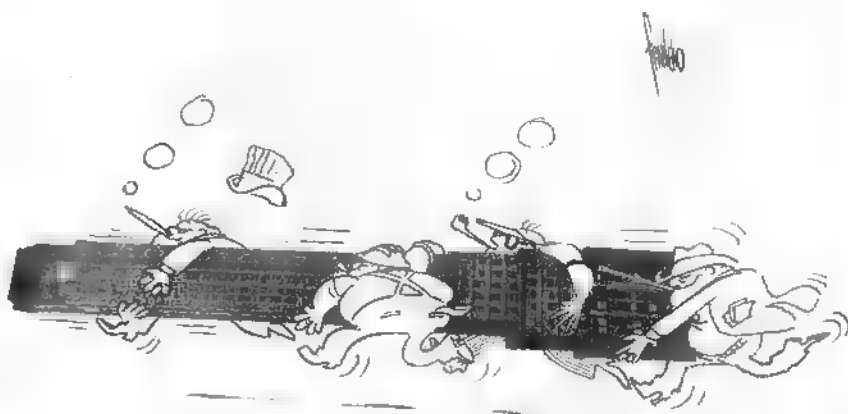
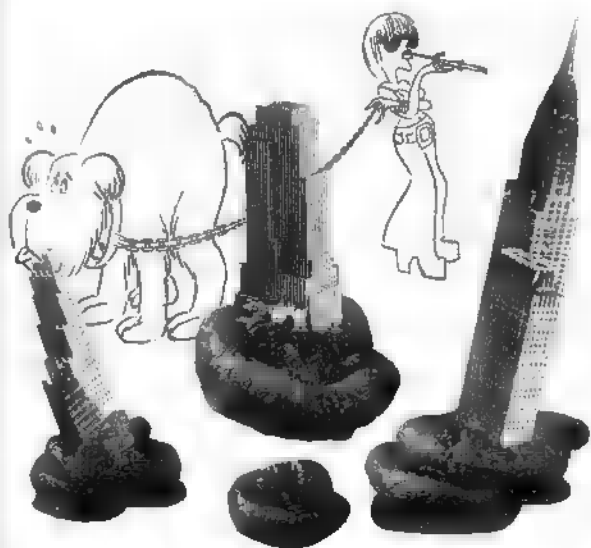
ARTIST & WRITER :



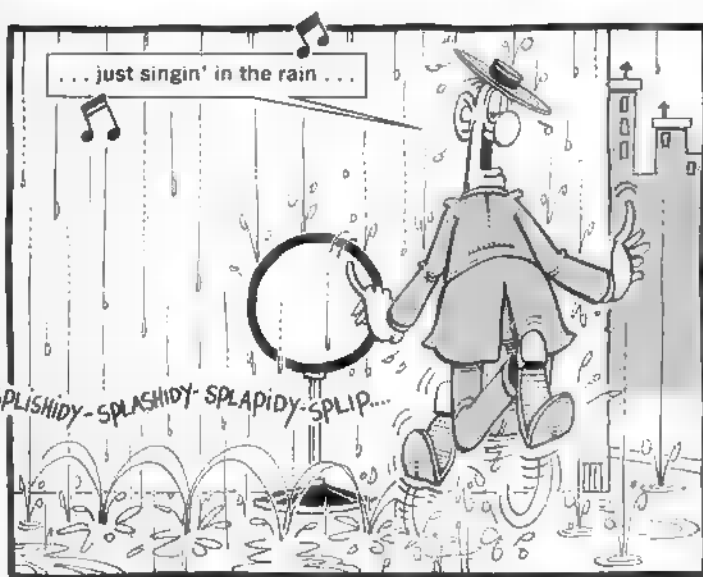
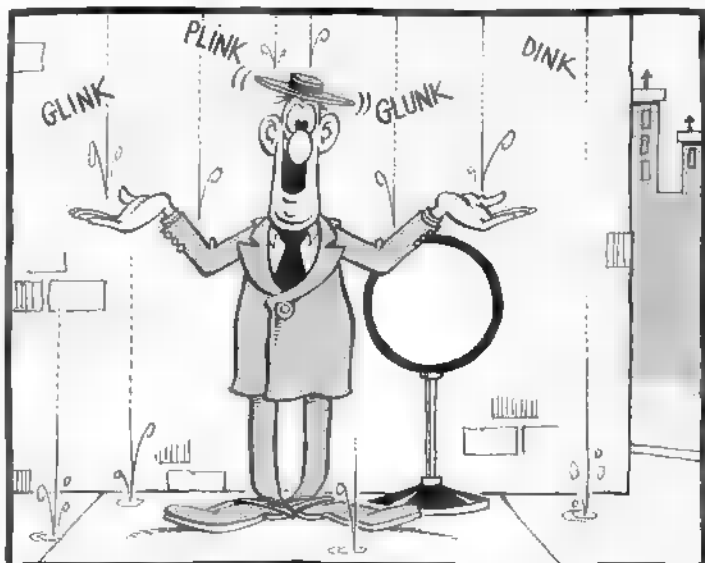
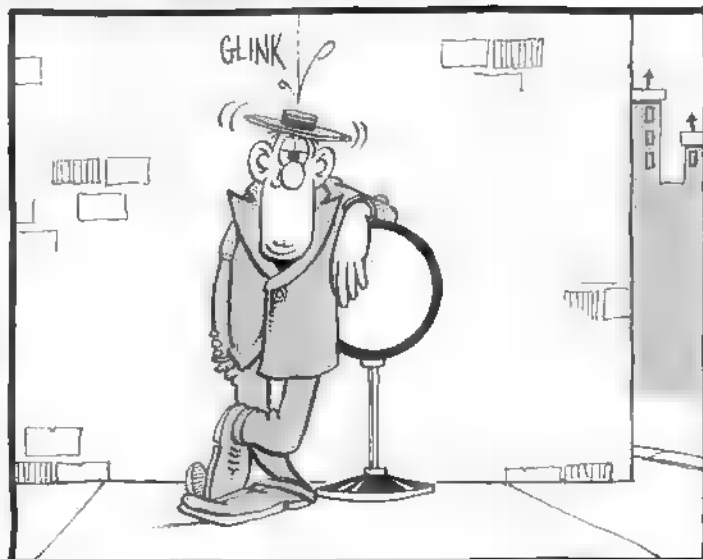
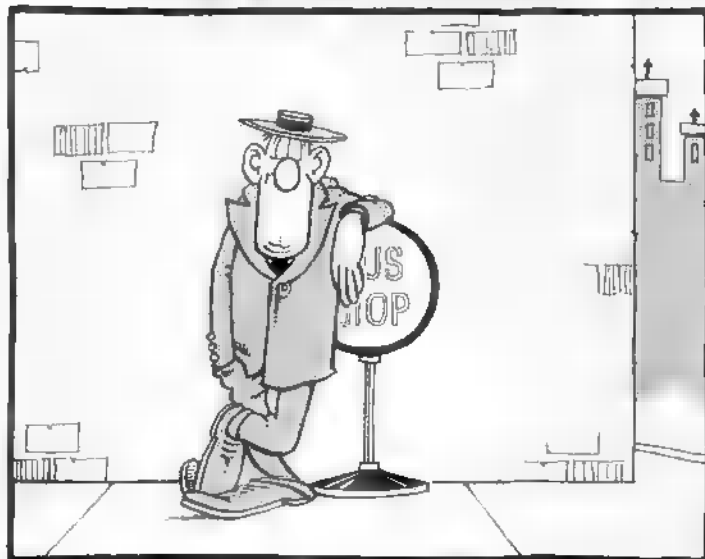
HED CRIMINALS

ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

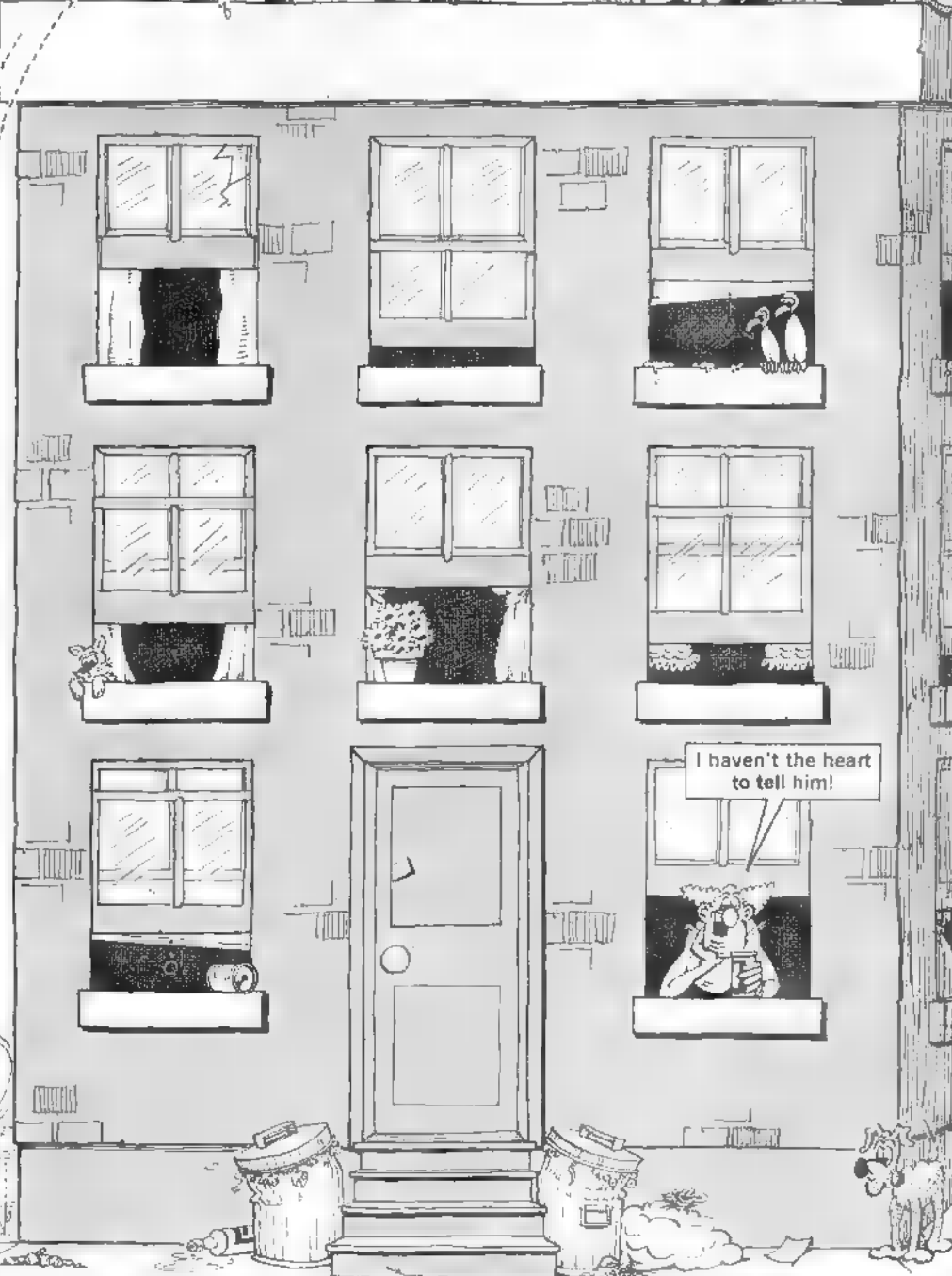




ONE DAY LAST APRIL



NATIONAL LONG-DISTANCE SPITTING CONTEST



... what a glorious feelin' ...
I'm hap-hap-happy again ...



D. MARTIN...

It used to be Wars . . . then Violence . . . then Sex . . . and now it's Disasters that make the masses stand in lines and plunk down their hard-earned bread at movie houses. Today, there is an avid market for burning skyscrapers, sinking ocean liners, earthquakes, etc. And so, MAD predicts that it won't be long before some enterprising publisher comes out with . . .

DISASTER MAGAZINE

The Digest for Diggers of Doom

PRICE: \$5.00

(Talk about disasters!)

IN THIS ISSUE:

HUMAN INTEREST

Two brothers lost in avalanche 20 years ago re-united briefly during a mid-air collision.

PSYCHOLOGY

"Is the law too hard on our fun-loving pyromaniacs?" by Oscar "The Flame" Hyman, noted analyst.

HUMOR

The Goofy Side of Mass Evacuations.

ART

A gallery of partially-destroyed masterpieces from the Florence flood.

FOOD

"Finger-licking good K-RATIONS" by the Gobbling Gourmet.

FASHION

Steve McQueen and Paul Newman model the latest in asbestos wear! Yes, ladies, Paul does appear in a fire-proof undershirt!

SPORTS

A South American Soccer Official Asks—
"Should I have stopped the game when the bleachers collapsed?"



SURFERS "HANG TEN" AS 70 FOOT TIDAL WAVE HITS LONG ISLAND

The DISASTER SHOPPER

A GIFT FROM THE SEA



Say "goodbye" to cruise-bound friends with Davy Jones' elegant basket of *Fruit From The Deep*. This new eye and palate-pleasing arrangement is composed of shellfish, algae jellies, and pickled eels, all hand-picked from the hull of the late, great liner, *Andrea Doria*.

HEAR TODAY, GONE YESTERDAY



Nostalgia/Calamity Records has just released these live recordings of *SOUNDS OF DISASTERS*. Now, in the comfort of your own home, you can listen to the awesome "whoosh" the *Hindenburg* made while burning up at its moorings, the *S.O.S.* sent by the *Titanic*, and other all-time favorites.

SPECIAL FOR STORM TROOPERS



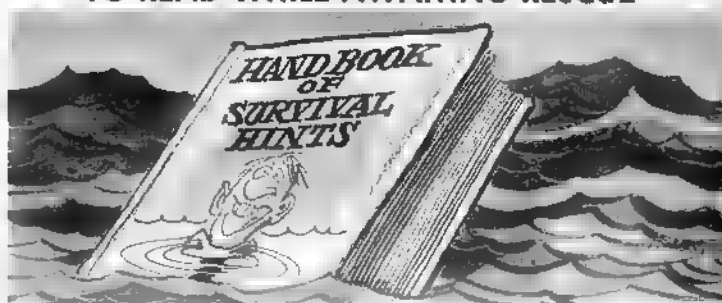
Hey, Hurricane fans! Now you can have your favorite big blow emblazoned on your chest, thanks to *They Call The Wind Maria, Among Other Things, Incorporated's* new T-shirt line. Comes in all sizes for all shapes. Choice of White shirt with black lettering or black shirt with blood-red letters.

FASHIONS FOR YOUR FALL



Wherever you may land, be it land or sea, you'll be glad you ordered this wonderful set of Day-Glo / Night-Glo Body Paints. If you've always wanted to be radiant, this set is for you, especially during rescue time when you're praying someone finds you. Now available in a choice of Alarm Red, Blast Orange, Hurricane Green, Brine Blue and Peril Pink.

TO READ WHILE AWAITING RESCUE



No Disaster Library is complete without C.N.E. Wessel's "*Handbook of Survival Hints*." With chapters like "How To Collect Body Salt to Season Food" and "PANIC—How To Enjoy It!", you know that your life is in the right hands. Illustrated with some of the goriest photos ever taken, this gift item comes bound in floatable, fire-proof covers.

INTO THE DRINK



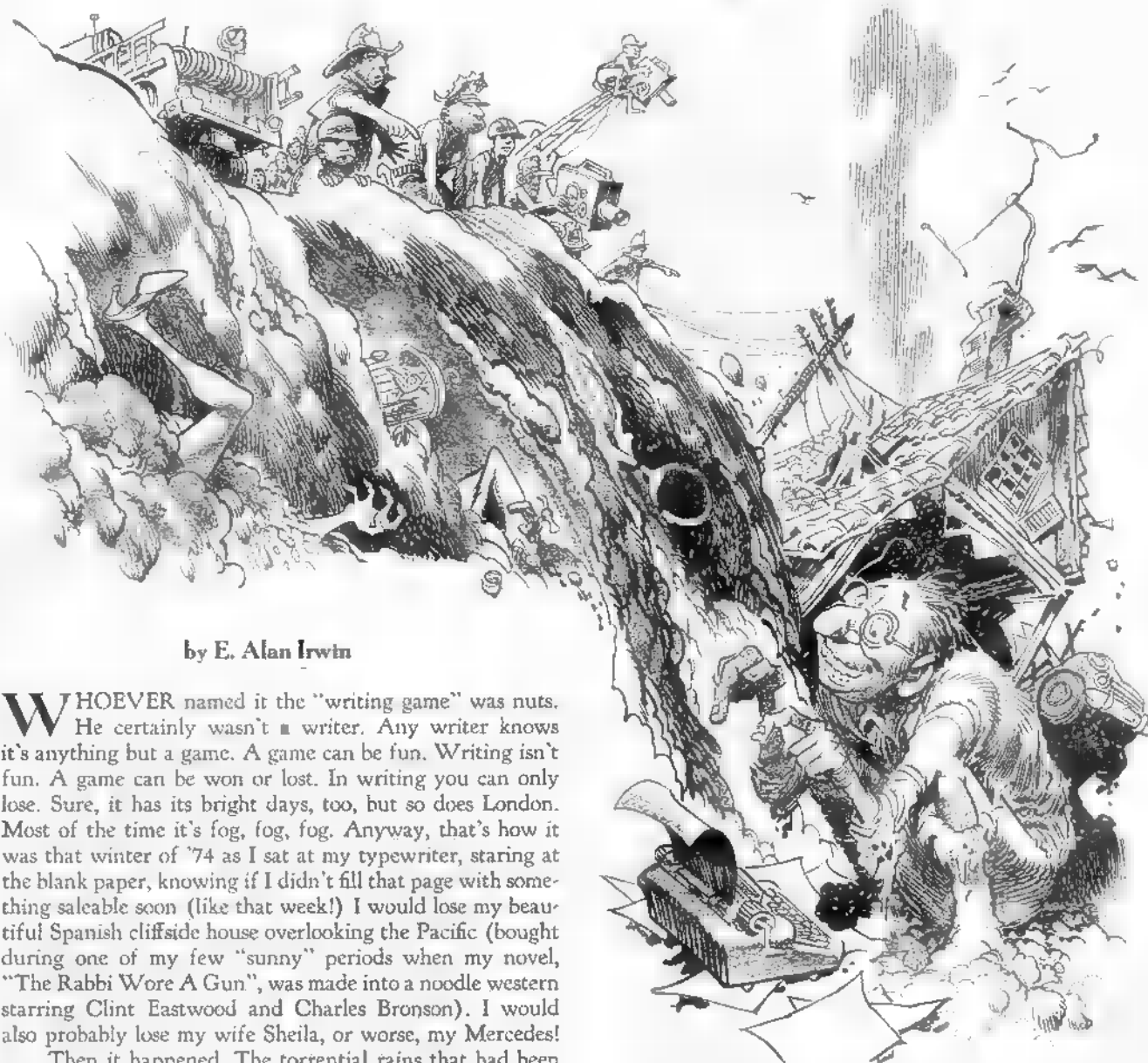
Talk about playing it "cool". . . *Lifeboatique* has done it again, this time with a set of perma-frozen ice cubes cut from the actual iceberg that sank the *Titanic*. No party gets dull with these little conversation-coppers clinking around in your glasses. But make sure to order them now! The supply is limited as there's not much but a tip of the old berg left!

WHEN IT POURS, IT POURS



Don't let the mud or slime floating around fool you, these swell souvenirs from the world's most celebrated floods are guaranteed pure and ready to drink. Sold in disposable containers or flip-top cans, you can add a touch of class to the glass at your next disaster gathering. For added kicks, blind-fold your guests and get 'em to play "Name That Flood."

A DISASTER SAVED MY LIFE



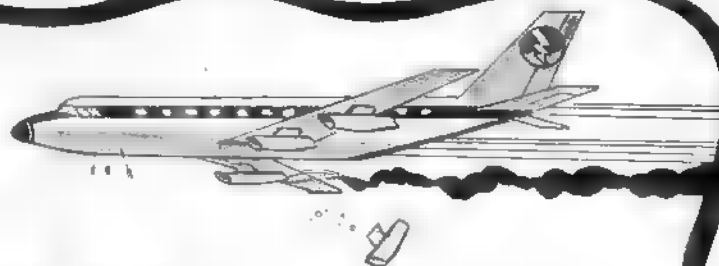
by E. Alan Irwin

WHOEVER named it the "writing game" was nuts. He certainly wasn't a writer. Any writer knows it's anything but a game. A game can be fun. Writing isn't fun. A game can be won or lost. In writing you can only lose. Sure, it has its bright days, too, but so does London. Most of the time it's fog, fog, fog. Anyway, that's how it was that winter of '74 as I sat at my typewriter, staring at the blank paper, knowing if I didn't fill that page with something saleable soon (like that week!) I would lose my beautiful Spanish cliffside house overlooking the Pacific (bought during one of my few "sunny" periods when my novel, "The Rabbi Wore A Gun", was made into a noodle western starring Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson). I would also probably lose my wife Sheila, or worse, my Mercedes!

Then it happened. The torrential rains that had been battering the coast (as it had every rainy season) finally took its toll. First it started with a low rumble, then it became louder, and finally increased to a roar. I looked out the window and saw the houses down the street starting to collapse. I saw friends and neighbors being washed down their lawns, their furniture floating into their tennis courts. I heard my own beams squeak and then squeal as Sheila screeched and then squawked. And I knew that was it! I had been saved! What an inspiration!

I smiled as Sheila squished and squirmed past me on a raft of slime, knowing that her discomfort today would be forgotten tomorrow when I sold the screen rights to this great "disaster film" idea. I couldn't waste the time to reach out and help anyone at this point. No, my hands had more meaningful work to do at the typewriter. The ideas came fast and furious and I already saw Charlton Heston in the part of Lance Quagmire, the engineer flown in to . . .

(Cont. pg. 72)



WRECK TRAVEL AGENCY

PROUDLY PRESENTS

DISASTER PACKAGE TOURS

THE SOUTH PACIFIC VOLCANIC ISLAND HOP

Ten adrenalin-filled days, including: free lifeboat drill, "get-acquainted" mixer (on-the-rocks, of course!), full American plan plus botulism scare, trip to leper colony on a sun-drenched, obsolete life raft with only one quart of water to share among ten survivors. (Tidal wave optional).

THE WEST VIRGINIA COAL MINES BUS TOWN

★Seven heart-stopping days including: modern, comfortable, air-conditioned bus which follows dangerously close to an explosive-carrying truck, stopovers at every major smash-up along the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Tour will conclude with a picnic and a square dance at the bottom of a condemned mineshaft.

THE FLIGHTS OF FANCY BERMUDA TRIANGLE JUNKET

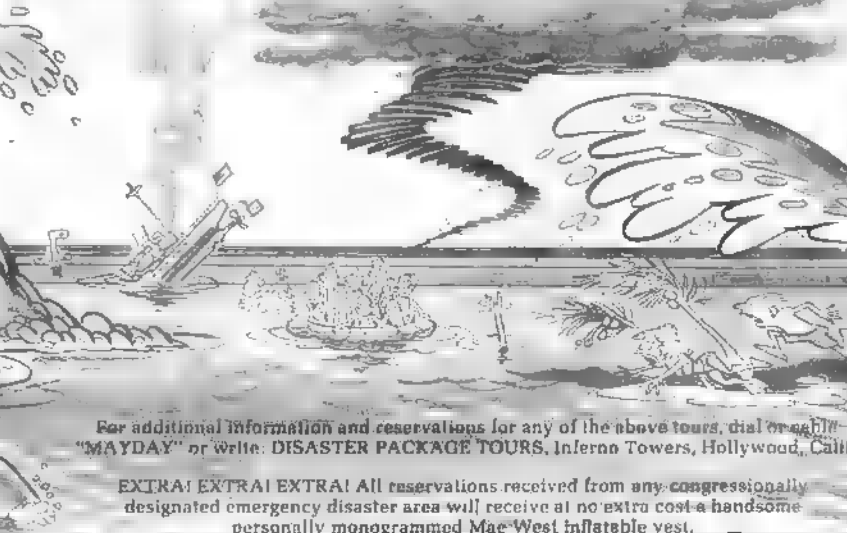
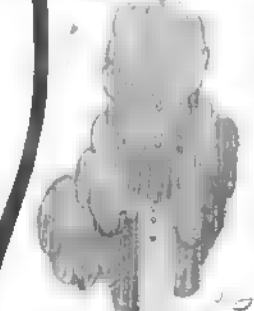
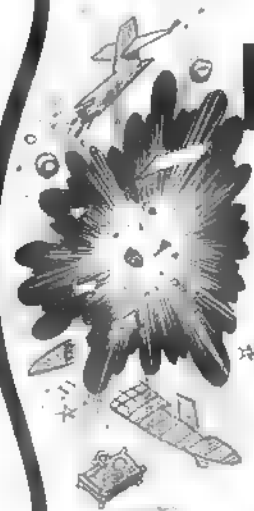
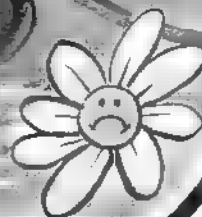
Open-ended tour via Chance Airways' 713 Jet guarantees nothing, including landing. The new 713 features one flaming turbojet engine, and sporadically locking landing gears. Navigator and first officer leave posts regularly to search for hidden bombs. If Bermuda Triangle fails to affect tour, a fun-filled, mid-ocean ditch will take place anyway, including pick-up by Soviet electronic spy ship. Return via Vladivostok, Omsk and Minsk ... maybe.

THE CRETE-SINAI-MID-EAST PACKAGE TOUR

Twenty-one blood-pumping days includes: border clashes, guerilla attacks, and at least one devastating typhoon. Tour leader will attempt to instigate, but cannot guarantee a major war.

For additional information and reservations for any of the above tours, dial or cable "MAYDAY" or write: DISASTER PACKAGE TOURS, Inferno Towers, Hollywood, Calif.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! All reservations received from any congressionally designated emergency disaster area will receive at no extra cost a handsome personally monogrammed Mae West inflatable vest.



ITEM

A TOUR OF TASTY TIDBITS FROM DISASTERLAND

ITEM: Eureka, South Dakota . . . Herman "Sparkle" Plenty, ■ six-packs-a-day chainsmoker, walked into an undetected gas main break and wiped out the entire local urban renewal project.—That's the way to quit smoking! . . .

ITEM: Chute, Wyoming . . . The experience of sharing a shelter with a dozen lumberjacks during the recent flashfloods have cured him of a life-long lisp and ■ mincing walk, claims Bruce Foppe, noted hairdresser . . .

ITEM: Steambath, Alaska . . . Seeking refuge from the worst blizzard to hit these parts in 40 years, Mrs. Carol Tinkelman accepted help from what she thought to be a local fur trapper. During the spring thaw, the gent turned out to be a 450 lb. Kodiak bear. Leaving her family permanently, Carol states, "The bear is a better provider than my husband, Murray, ever was!" . . .



ITEM: Bisque, Massachusetts . . . A freak twister relocated the Junior High School, and made the whole busing issue obsolete . . .

ITEM: Lloomphollian, North Wales . . . The Institute of Bizarre Bodily Functions has received a major grant for further studies of the effects of earthquakes on hiccups . . .

ITEM: S.S. Papillion . . . during her last Caribbean stopover, all the rats mysteriously abandoned this superluxury cruise ship. Disaster fans, now's the time to book your reservations at low, low rates . . .

ITEM: Beri-Beri, South Pacific . . . After the last eruption of the volcano here, a rash of "Lava-Fried Chicken" franchises have sprung up all over the island. We hear they're "finger-scorching good!" . . .



ITEM: St. Buffet, French Antilles . . . Survivors of the 1970 rock slide disaster met for their fifth annual reunion here. "This may very well be our last one," both members agreed, "they're such a bore!"

ITEM: Meschugga, Tennessee . . . A vagrant that found and ate the contents of an atomic waste can near the local nuclear powerplant was hospitalized for ■ severe headache. You can imagine how severe his headache was, now that his cranium measures two-and-a-half feet wide! . . .



ITEM: Kinckaid, Nebraska . . . As the only husband-wife frozen food chain consultant team, Art and Sydelle Charney are well qualified, having spent most of their honeymoon under the biggest avalanche that ever covered the southern slopes of an alpine massif. "At first it was scary, but we did learn a lot about frozen meats," Art confessed. "And we have a lifetime ahead of us to thaw," Sydelle offered through her icy smile . . .

ITEM: Boomboom Terrace, Florida . . . Low bidding and subsequent waterproofed cardboard construction have been given as the prime reasons for the collapse of this entire suburb town . . .



ITEM: Ulan-Yak, Outer Mongolia . . . A group of travelers attacked by ■ swarm of rare, migrant, cotton locusts arrived in this remote city and were arrested for indecent exposure . . .

If you're looking for the Model Disaster,
you'll find it in the REVEL line of

DISASTER KITS

THE GENERAL SLOCUM EXCURSION BOAT DISASTER KIT



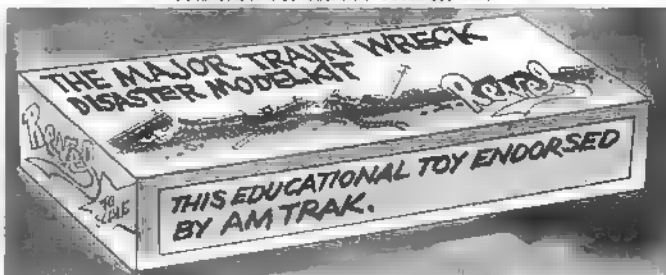
An accurate-in-every-wonderfully-horrible-detail antique replica of the half-submerged excursion boat that burned and sank on New York's famed East River in 1904. The young disasterite will note the complete lack of lifesaving equipment available and delight in the 876 miniature picnic baskets that gayly float away from the realistically charred wreck.

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING PLANE CRASH KIT



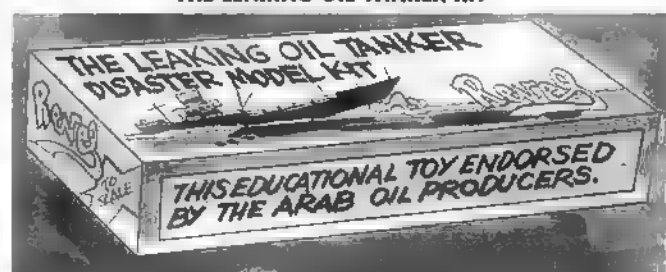
Movie buffs rejoice at the memory of King Kong climbing up to the tower of this famed edifice, but disaster buffs have their fond memories too. REVEL re-lives the "Summer of '45" with this kit the US Army B-25 bomber that crashed into the 79th floor (N.W. corner), complete with snapping cables that send miniature elevators swooshing down to lobby!

THE MAJOR TRAIN WRECK KIT



Who said "Trains are safer than planes?" There have always been enough major train wrecks to keep the modes of transportation balanced, and this authentic kit—complete with ripped-up rails, telescoping passenger cars, exploded locomotives, etc.—will convince any disaster buff that there's plenty of fun to be had on the good old terror firm!

THE LEAKING OIL TANKER KIT



This highly educational model will automatically spring a leak the moment it comes in contact with water, spilling its crude oil contents into your bathtub or swimming pool so convincingly you'll want to do it again for each batch of friends and relatives that visit you. Model's spillage rids your drains silverfish and every other live organism.

REVEL Models, Catastrophy, North Dakota

DEAR DISASTERMAN

This coming summer my husband will have a two-week vacation from the Nerve Gas factory. We both adore disasters and have bought a used, two ton camper to travel to your choice of the greatest disaster in the U.S.!

Where is it?

The Long Island Expressway any Friday afternoon!

Do you agree with the theory that the Hindenburg disaster had something to do with the extremely mild winters we've been having in southern New Jersey and by consequence the defeat of the legalized gambling bill?

Yes!

What with the supertankers destroying the beaches with spillages, and strip mining bringing nature's balance closer to disaster, where is the best place to go to observe dying wildlife?

Any "singles" bar?

Ever since we saw "The Poseidon Adventure," my husband and I have been taking cruises. Unfortunately, nothing disastrous has ever happened, except for that brazen 21-year-old girl who showed up for the lifeboat drill wearing nothing but her Mae West and loop earrings.

Not for her! She caught the attention of a very rich doctor and was married before they reached port!

Of all the aquatic disasters in history, which would you say was the worst?

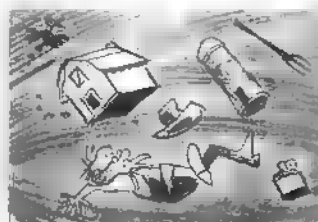
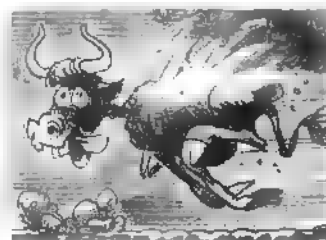
Watergate!

Recently I registered an alarming "16" on my Richter scale. What should I do?

Consult a doctor! He'll probably suggest that you lose some weight!!!

FLICKS IN REVIEW

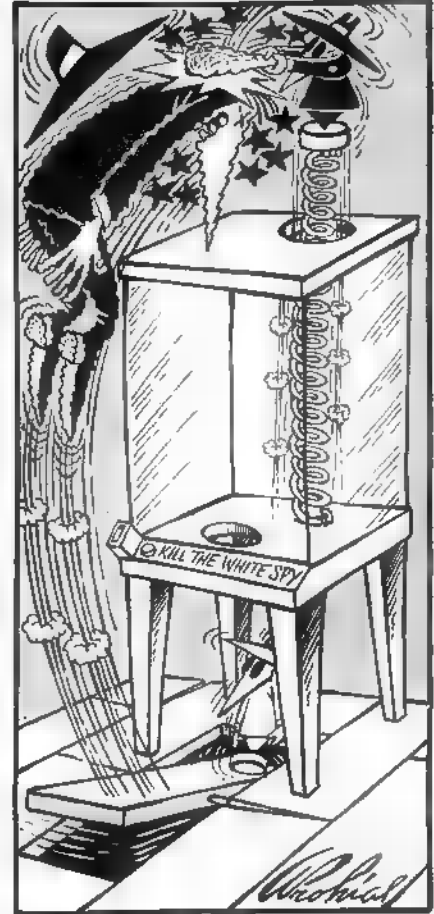
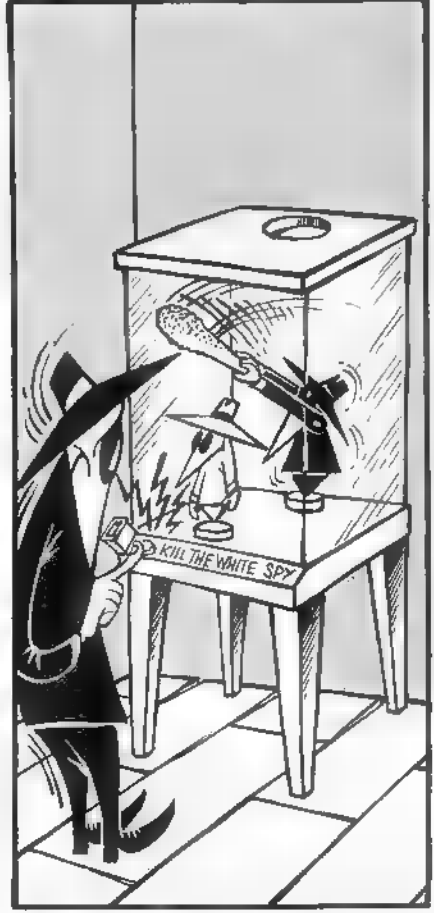
BLAZING CATTLES Another classic by comedy genius Mel Kaminsky, this new look at the old west makes wonderful use of natural disasters—lightning flashes that cause long-horns to stampede, prairie fires that ravage Indian villages, etc. The "cattle grazing scene" and what follows may be in bad taste, but you bust your sides laughing as you shrink in your seat.



ALICE DOESN'T STRIKE HERE ANYMORE Having had their home demolished three times by hurricanes, the Beckers pack it all in for a mobile home and move west. Although the pic ends on a calm note, the hint of a twister in the background convinces this reviewer that producer/director Chris Ishii has a "Part II" in his plans.

THAT'S ENTERTAINING DISASTERS Two hours of clips made up of old newsreels and TV footage of typhoons, twisters, earthquakes, dam burstings, and floods highlight this nostalgic romp. And if those disasters aren't brutal enough for you, wait'll you get a look at the way some of your old favorite disaster survivors look today!





WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... a teacher droning on and on for a whole period?



A teacher not saying a word for a whole period!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... listening to the kids bang around and make noise?

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... having to work on a Holiday?



Having a Holiday off and being sick!

QUIT WHILE YOU'RE BEHIND DEPT.

WH
WO
THA

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



24 ... losing a contact lens?



Finding it unexpectedly!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... no letter from home?



Nothing but silence... and you know they're up there!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... being sent down to the Principal's office alone?



Being in the Principal's office with your Parents!

AT'S RSE N...?

WRITER: ALIS ELLIS

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... making a costly mistake?



Having someone else find it before you can correct it!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



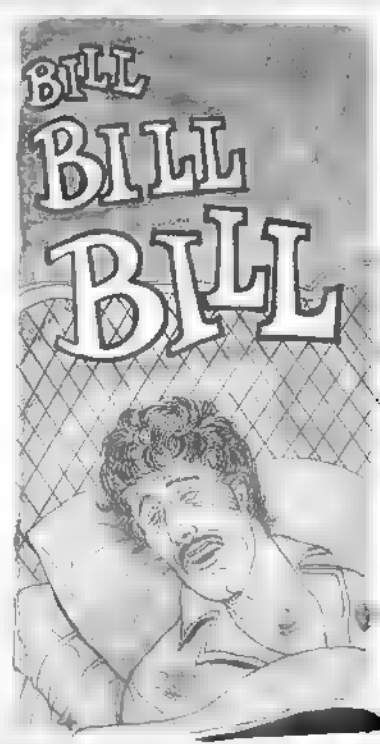
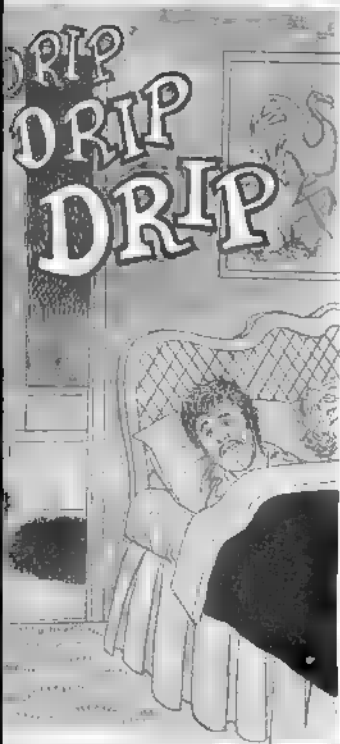
... bringing lunch to school?



Buying it in the cafeteria!



A letter from home with no check!

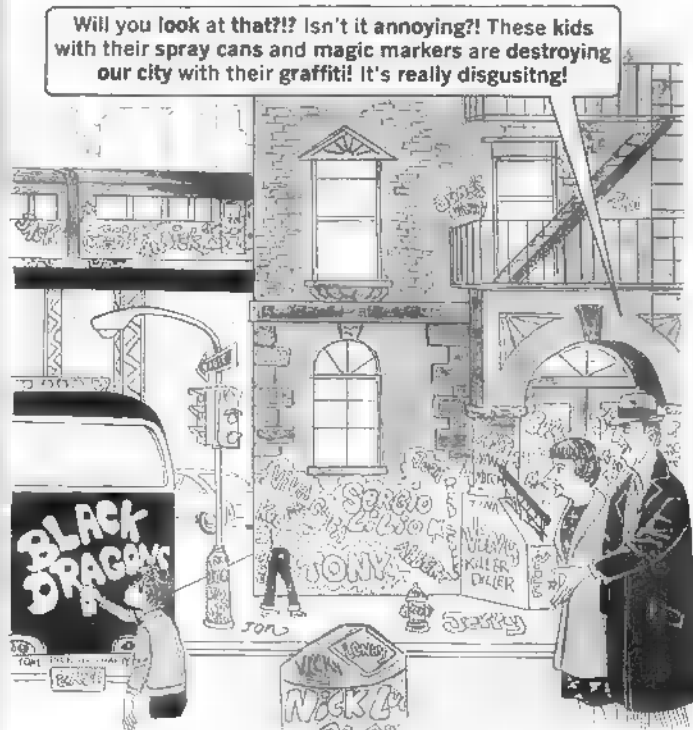


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

ANNO





You see it all over walls and subway cars and buses and trucks and sidewalks—

—and GOD KNOWS where they're gonna do it NEXT!



YANCES

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

It's magic! I push the button on this Polaroid Camera—the picture pops out—and it develops right before your very eyes! Watch for the beautiful colors, Johnnie...

I don't see any colors!

Give it time...

I STILL don't see any colors!!

Just have a little patience, and... Oh, my God! I forgot to use a flashbulb!

How could I be so STUPID!?

Look, Johnnie! NOW you can see the colors!



RING RING RING

WILL SOMEBODY ANSWER
THAT BLASTED PHONE?
THE CONSTANT RINGING
■ ABSOLUTELY
MADDENING!!

Okay!
Okay!
I'll
get
it—

Well, at least
the ringing has
stopped! They
hung up!

What?!? You
mean you
don't know
who it was?!

That's even MORE maddening!



I wonder if the
mail came yet!
I'm sweating out
a particular
letter...!

What's
so
special
about
it?

I applied for a job
and I went to great
pains to carefully
type out my resumé
to show them how
efficient I am!
Now, I'm waiting
for an answer...!

Okay, if
it means
that much
to you,
I'll go
see if
the mail
came yet!

You know that correspondence
you're so concerned about?
I have it... right here...

Great! What does it say?

"RETURN TO SENDER
FOR POSTAGE DUE"!



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PAL!
THIS ■ A STICK-UP! LET'S
HAVE THE DAY'S RECEIPTS
YOU GOT IN THAT BAG...

Okay! Okay! Here! Take it!
Just... don't shoot...!!

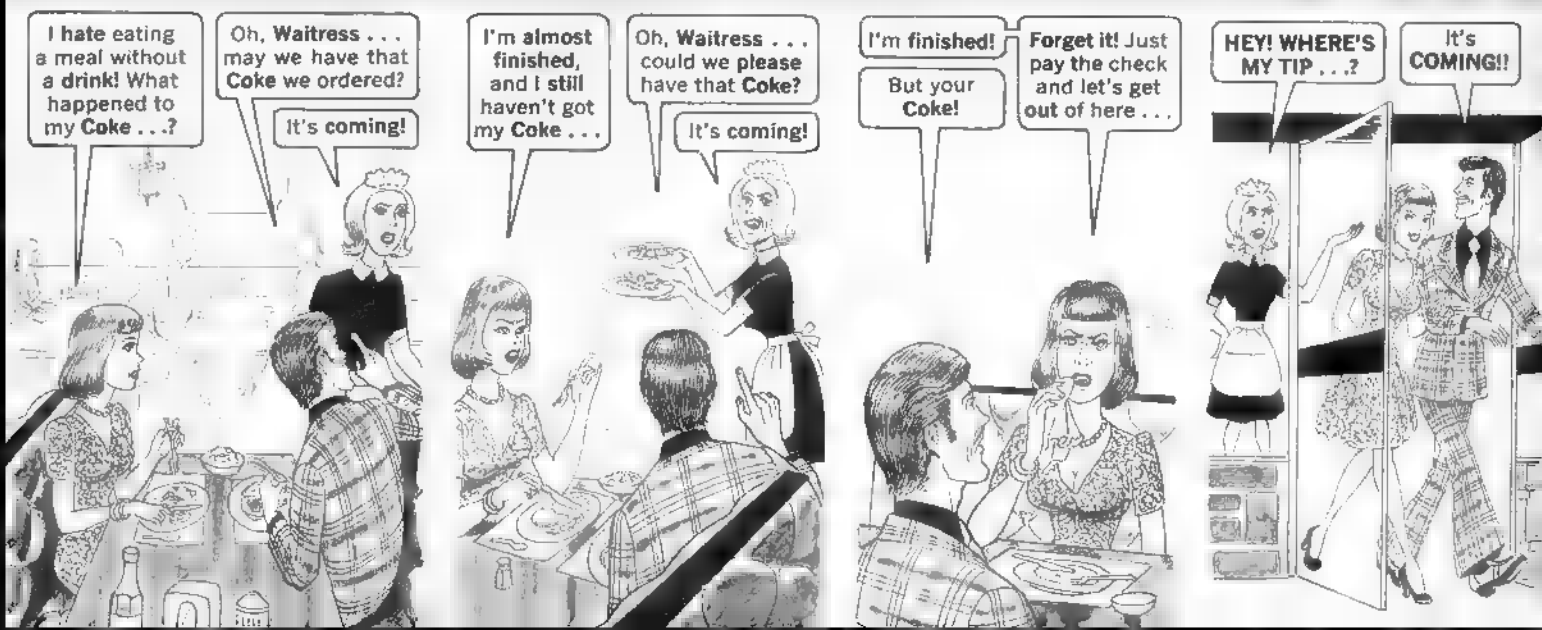
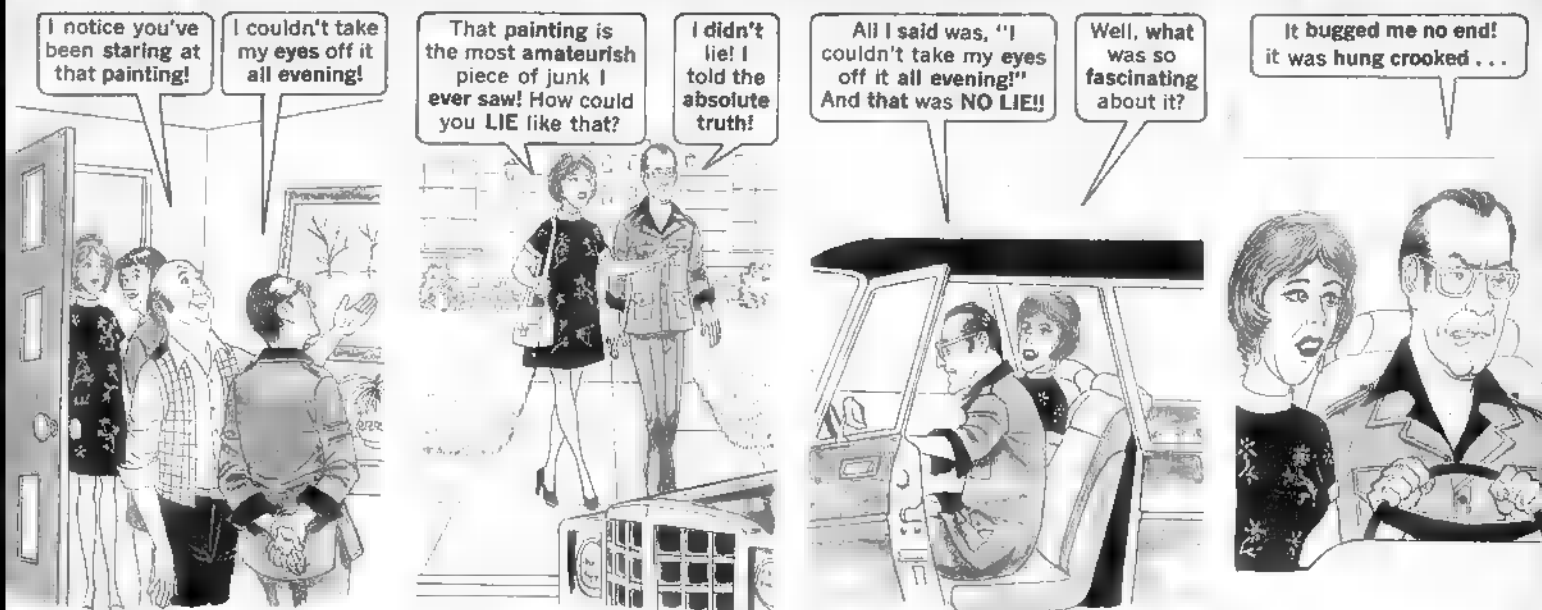
Hey, Baby! I got it!
Bread! Lots of bread!!

How
much?

... uh ... one loaf!



© 1984 COLUMBIA PICTURES INC.



TAP
TAP
TAP

WILL YOU STOP TAPPING THAT
PENCIL?! I CAN'T THINK!!

Sorry! I'll stop ...

Now I can't think!!



Don't forget to practice the
piano, and clean your room,
and write a letter to your
Aunt Vivian—thanking her
for your Birthday present ...

Then, do your homework, and
take your bike out of the
driveway, and apologize to
your Sister for teasing her!

ALL DAY LONG YOU BUG ME!
DO THIS! DO THAT! WHEN
DO I GET A CHANCE TO
JUST BE A KID?!!

That IS being a kid!!



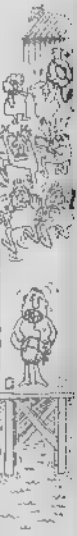
Do you know what your Son has
hidden in his room?! Copies
of "Playboy" and "Penthouse"
and other kinky magazines!!

He's YOUR
Son, too!
Speak to him!

I DID!! And he
slammed the door
in my face!!

Well, he DOES have a
right to his privacy!

Yeah ... but not with
MY MAGAZINES!!



DOCKET TO 'EM DEPT.

Have you ever wished that you could do something more than just daydream about "fighting the system"? Wouldn't you just love to drag some of those big, arrogant institutions into court and make them pay for all the incompetence, indifference and indignities they've heaped upon you over the years? Well, your opportunity is here! Because the newest legal fad sweeping the country is the "Class Action Suit." To file one, all you need do is to round up a few hundred other victims that are as hopping mad as you are, hire an attorney to file the legal briefs, and gain satisfaction and self-respect by participating in these

LAWSUITS

We'd Like To See

WRITER: TOM KOCH

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



**Civil Court
Number 1
Lubbock, Texas**

**THE PEOPLE OF THE
GREYHOUND BUS STATION
WAITING ROOM**

(As Plaintiff)

versus

**THE PEERLESS VENDING
MACHINE COMPANY**

(As Defendant)

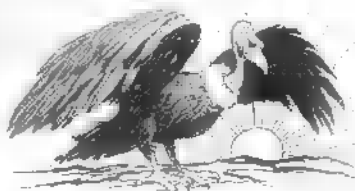
The formal charge as herein detailed:
Eagerly grabbing coins and failing to
give anything back.



WHEREAS the plaintiffs, have, in good faith, poured all available pocket change into defendant's vending machines for desired purchases of dry candy bars, damp crackers and chocolate cookies with white stuff in between, and

WHEREAS said vending machines habitually have failed to dispense anything in return except the faint clicking sound of coins being irretrievably lost,

NOW, THEREFORE, the plaintiffs demand that all money deposited be refunded in full, together with compensation for mental cruelty in the amount of \$1.00 for each quarter maliciously grabbed.



**The
Superior Court
of the
Inferior District
of
Florida**

**THE WIPE OUT
INVESTORS OF
SUNNY RETIREMENT HAVEN
seeking judgment against
MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH, INC.**

**The Charge against the Accused:
Remaining bullish on America while
the Dow-Jones Industrial Average
dropped from 1051 to 723.**



As evidenced by the defendant's flagrant, annoying and totally irrelevant depiction of stampeding cattle on TV for the purpose of dispensing the film's crock of bull-
ishness, and

As evidenced by the defendant's strongly implied promise that the stock market would start surging by to-
morrow at the latest, and

As evidenced by the defendant's failure to realize that wild inflation, critical energy shortages and eco-
nomic recessions seldom make stock prices go up,

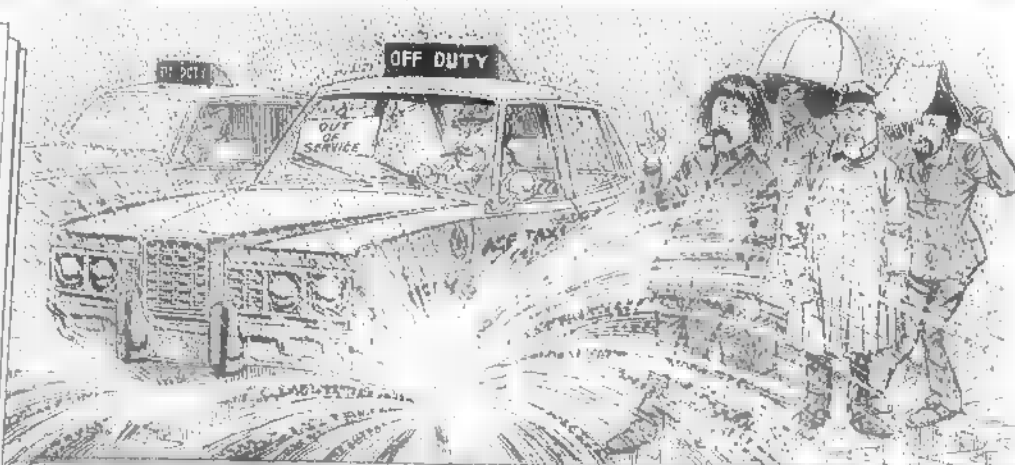
The plaintiffs find just cause for becoming upset, and do demand that all executives of the defendant company be taken to a public place and flogged unmercifully with rolled up Consolidated Edison stock certificates.



**The Unreformed
Court System
of the
Borough of
Manhattan**

**THE BROWBEATEN
CITIZENRY OF
NEW YORK
in outraged class
action against
THE CONSPIRING
TAXI COMPANIES
OF NEW YORK**

**The charge as detailed
hereinafter: Wontonly
pulling 80% of all cabs
off the streets during
inclement weather.**



THE PAINTIFFS, having endured grievous head colds, drenched garments and humiliating putdowns, do hereby charge that

THE DEFENDANTS look forward to blizzards, cloud-bursts, hurricanes, monsoons and similar natural catastrophes with childlike glee, and that

SAID DEFENDANTS do utilize such lousy weather to dispatch their cabs to company garages for lube jobs, oil changes, engine overhauls, etc., which are performed until the sun reappears or until next spring, whichever comes last.

THE PLAINTIFFS, therefore, demand monetary compensation equal to the amount of all tips grudgingly forked over to surly cab drivers since they first became surly in 1905.



**The Federal Court of
Whimpered Appeals
Sixth District**

**THE
BELEAGUERED
LETTER WRITERS
OF THE
UNITED STATES
versus
THE U.S.
POSTAL SERVICE**

**Charges Brought Forth
193,277,826 counts of steadily
increasing rates accompanied by
steadily decreasing service.**



THE PLAINTIFFS do hereby seek damages for each and all of the following acts of aggravation perpetuated by the **DEFENDANT**:

1. Slowing down delivery by pausing to stamp each letter with the slogan, "Zip Codes Speed the Mail."
2. Doubling the old postal rates simply because all mail is now held in protective custody for twice as long.
3. Insuring long lines at post offices by keeping 75% of all service windows closed during business hours.
4. Giving top priority to efficient delivery of ads from shady insurance companies, campaign literature from minor candidates, unwanted book club selections and unexplainable catalogues from pornography dealers.



**Supreme Court
of Hollywood**

**Merv Griffin's
Joke Writer
Presiding**

**CHUCKIE BOXELDER
GERTRUDE SCHWOT,
ET. AL.
versus
THE
MONOPOLISTIC TV
NETWORKS OF
AMERICA**

**Named Defendants Charged With:
Deliberately scheduling the only
three good shows of the week so
that they all come on at the
SAME TIME.**



**8:00 2 MICK JAGGER-
ALICE COOPER
SPECIAL
4 WORLD SERIES
GAME 7
7 THURSDAY
NIGHT MOVIE
"DEEP
THROAT"**

WHEREAS the plaintiffs consist of 85,000,000 TV viewers who have faithfully watched "Let's Make a Deal," "The Brian Keith Show," "The New Dating Game" and countless reruns of "Here's Lucy," and

WHEREAS said programs have resulted in various forms of audience nausea, including violent retching, and

WHEREAS the money grubbing brass of the TV networks maliciously hold back their only shows worth watching until such time as they can be aired opposite each other,

NOW, THEREFORE, the plaintiffs accuse said network brass of high crimes against humanity, and demand that all TV officials in charge of program scheduling be sentenced to ten years of continual viewing of "The Price Is Right."



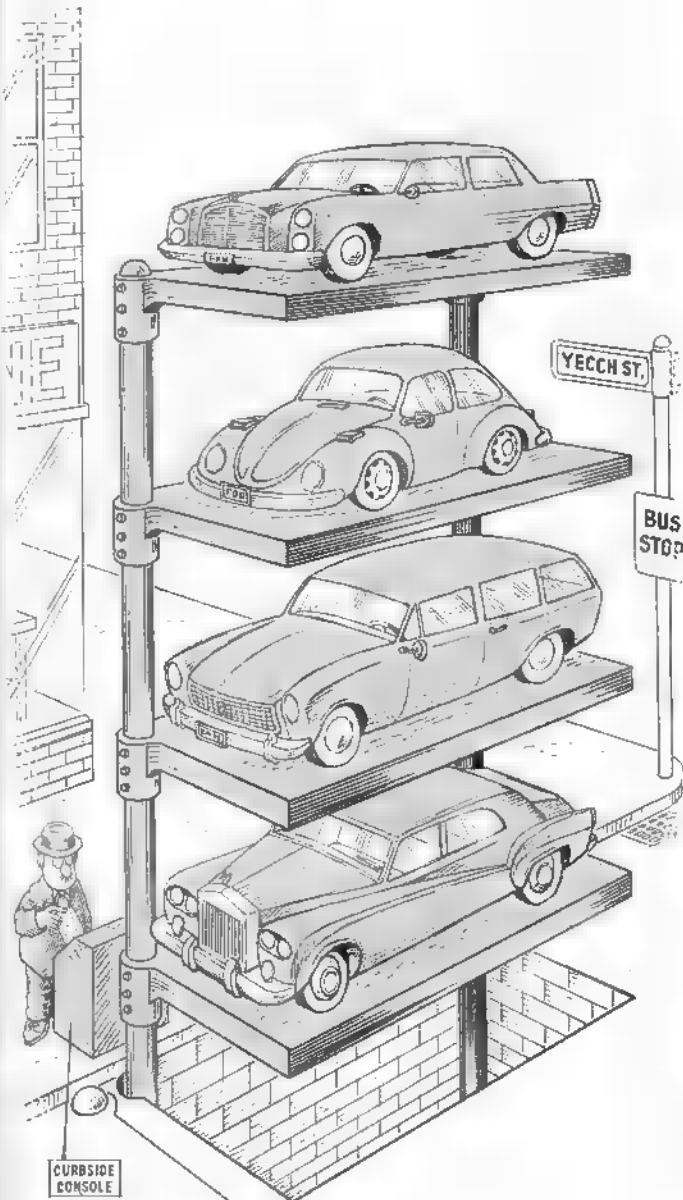
AUTO-SUGGESTIONS DEPT.

One of the nice things that happened during the recent gasoline shortage was the virtual

disappearance of "Big City Parking Problems." But now that gas is back, so are the problems.

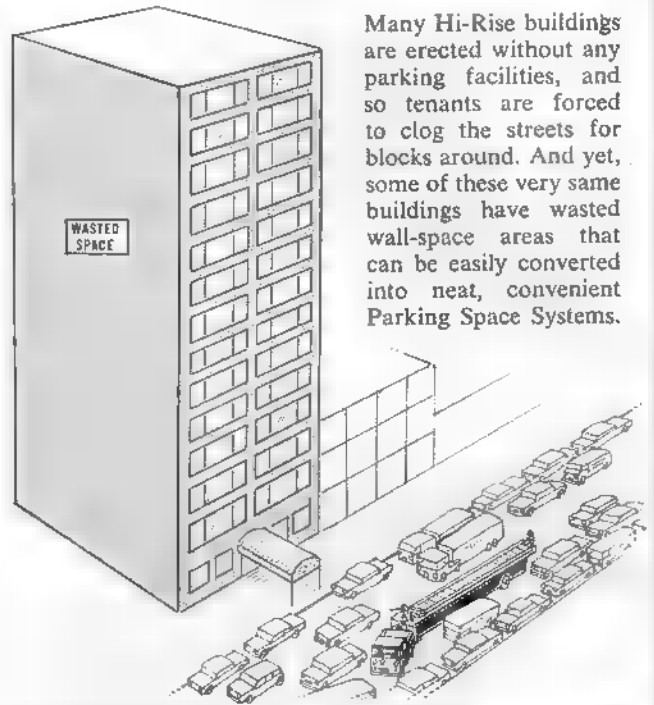
MAD SOLUTIONS TO BIG CITY PARKING

CURBSIDE MULTI-LEVEL PARKING ELEVATOR FACILITY

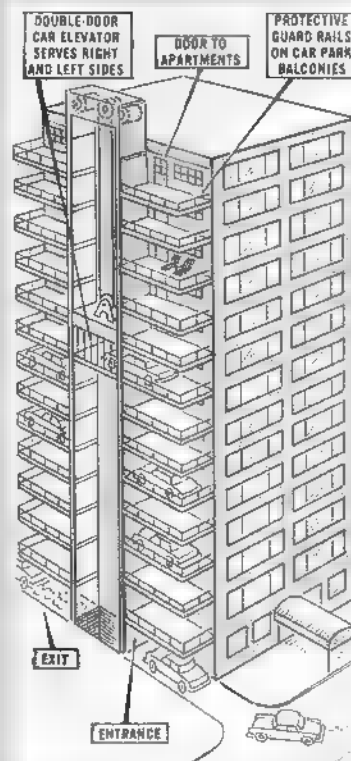


Weight of car parked on empty platform releases Computer Punchcard at Curbside Console, and elevator rises from pit to surface next empty parking platform. When multi-level facility is full, last car remains at street surface. To retrieve car, Driver merely inserts his Punchcard into the Console, and proper elevator platform returns to street level. Can be set for "Free" or "Pay" operation, in which case, insertion of coins into Console releases Punchcard.

HI-RISE WALL-SPACE-UTILIZATION PARKING SYSTEM



Many Hi-Rise buildings are erected without any parking facilities, and so tenants are forced to clog the streets for blocks around. And yet, some of these very same buildings have wasted wall-space areas that can be easily converted into neat, convenient Parking Space Systems.



Any solid side wall of a Hi-Rise building is a natural site for its tenants' cars. A simple arrangement of parking balconies served by a car elevator will cure a big parking headache. Tenants with no cars can rent their spaces to outsiders for added income, or use them as open, outdoor terraces.

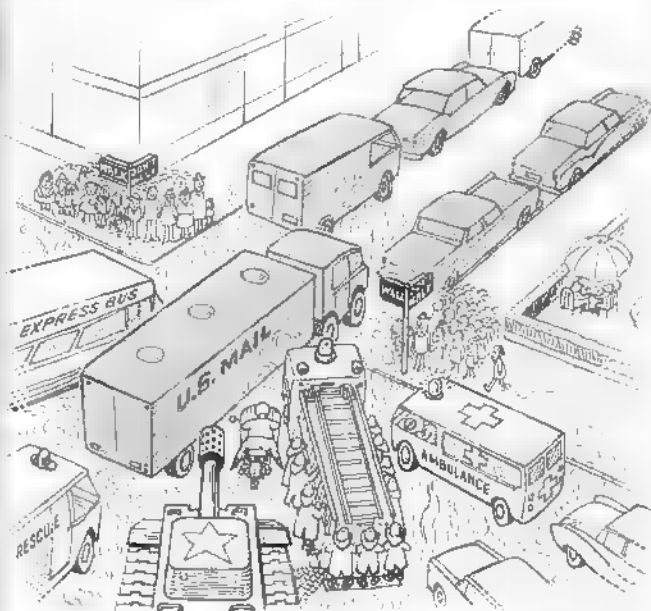
And since we believe that the American Way of Life is inexorably linked to the Automobile,

the Parking Problem will always be with us unless we do something about it. Like these

PROBLEMS

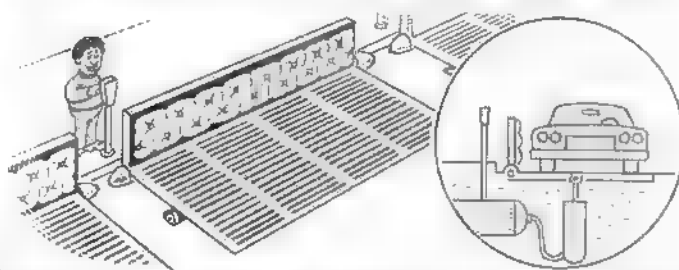
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SOLUTION

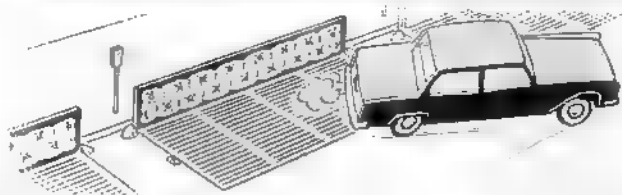
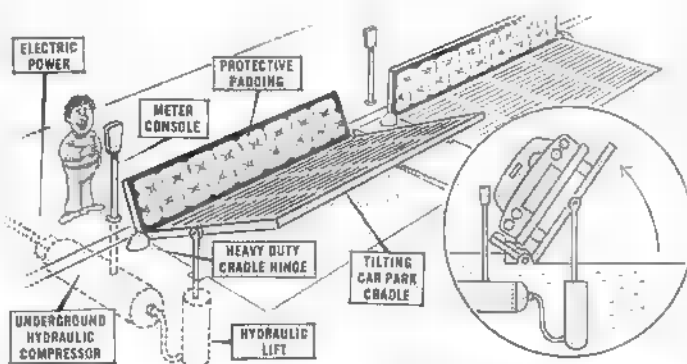


Many old city streets are too narrow for today's heavy traffic. Daily snarls can cause impossibly long traffic jam-ups, accidents and frayed nerves.

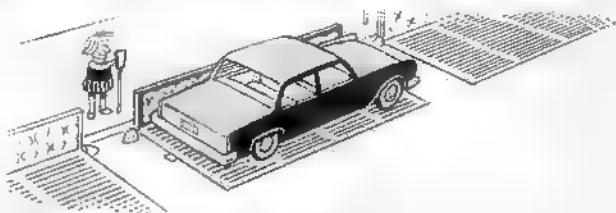
HOW THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SYSTEM WORKS:



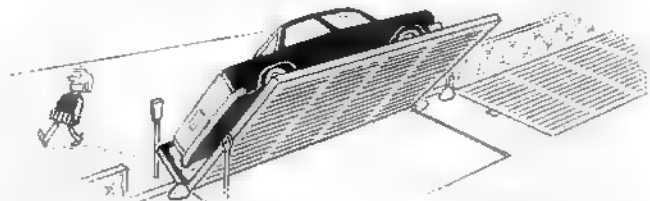
(1) Coin-operated meter/console raises and lowers parking cradle.



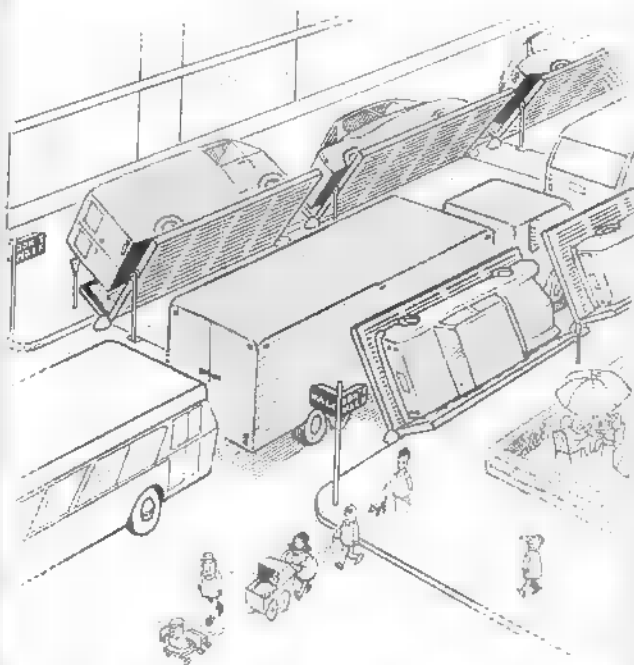
(2) Driver approaches and parks car onto cradle in usual manner.



(3) Driver exits from car and activates meter with proper coin.

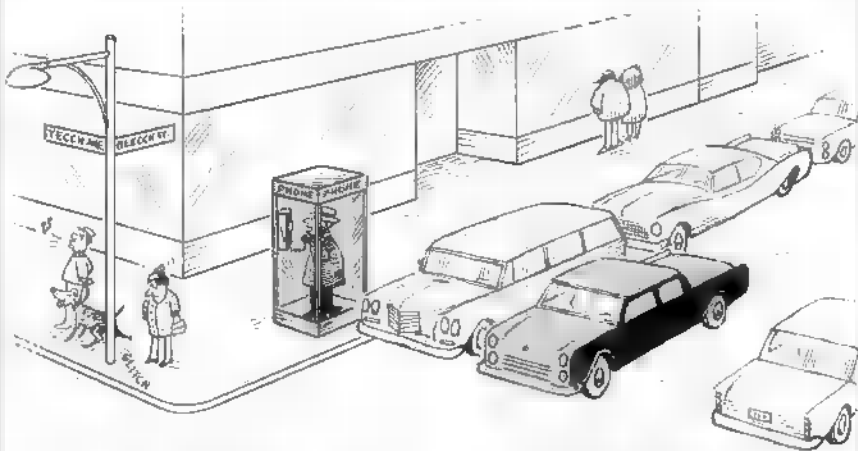


(4) Hydraulic mechanism lifts cradle, tilting car out of the way of traffic. Padded cushioned retaining wall protects car finish.

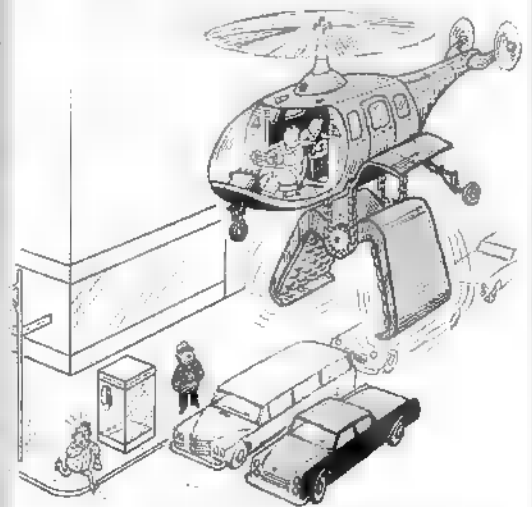


(5) Tilted parked cars open streets up for smooth flow of traffic. To retrieve car, driver merely waits for break in traffic to lower his car again.

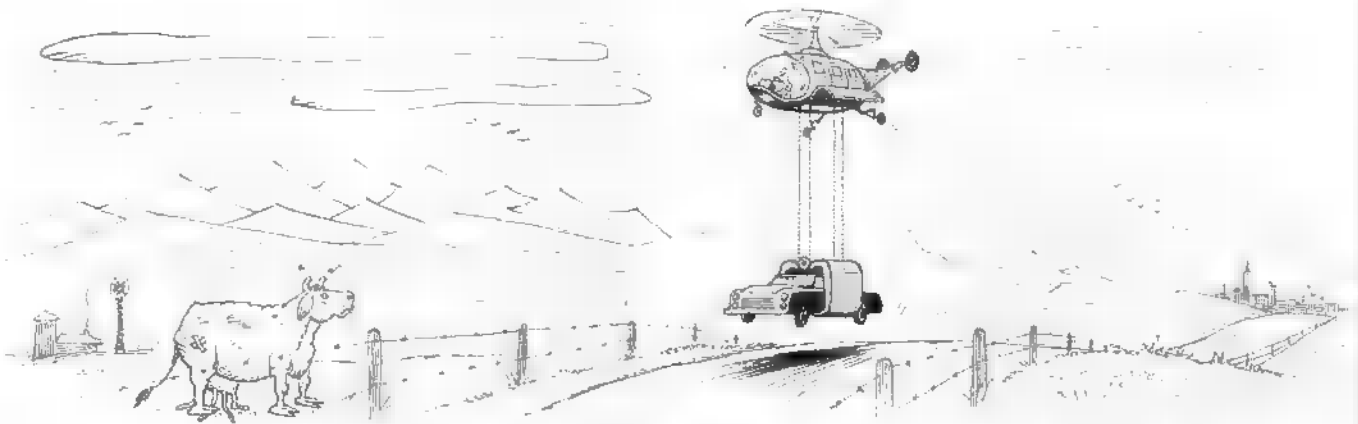
THE RAPID PICK-UP AND DELIVERY HELICOPTER PARKING SYSTEM



A driver subscribing to this service merely stops at any convenient phone booth and calls the special audio operator who contacts one of the several giant helicopters hovering over the city. After giving his exact location

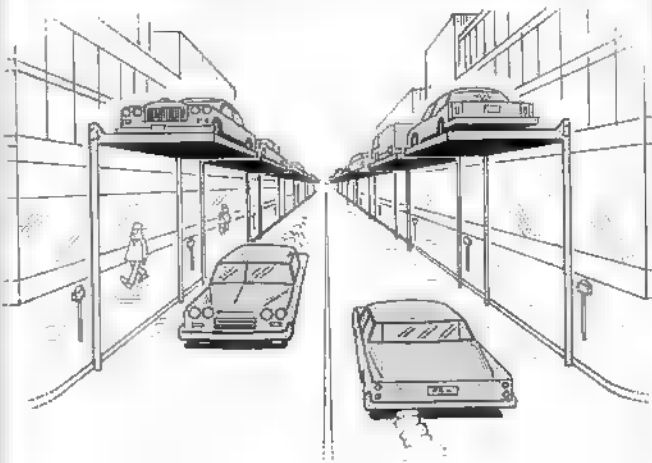


... driver only has to wait a few minutes before a chopper descends and grasps his car in its safe, padded hydraulic claws



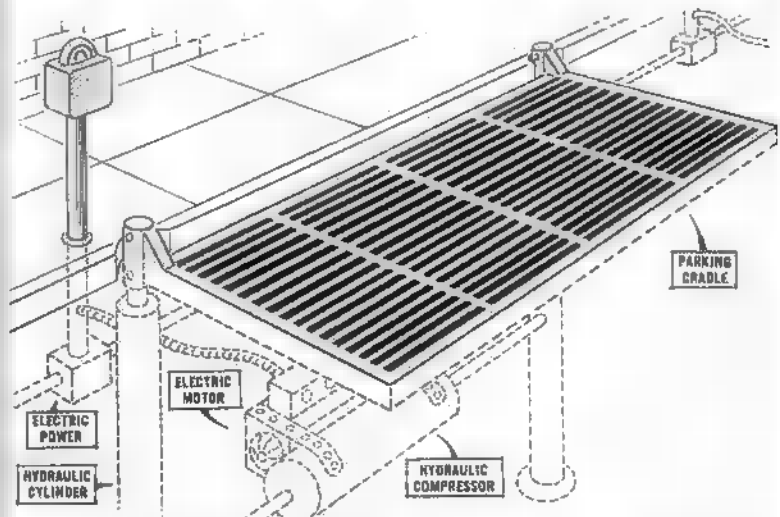
... lifts its precious cargo high above the city, and flies it to some deserted rural area where it is parked and its location marked. Then, when driver calls in again, his car is quickly picked up and returned to where he is.

THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER SYSTEM



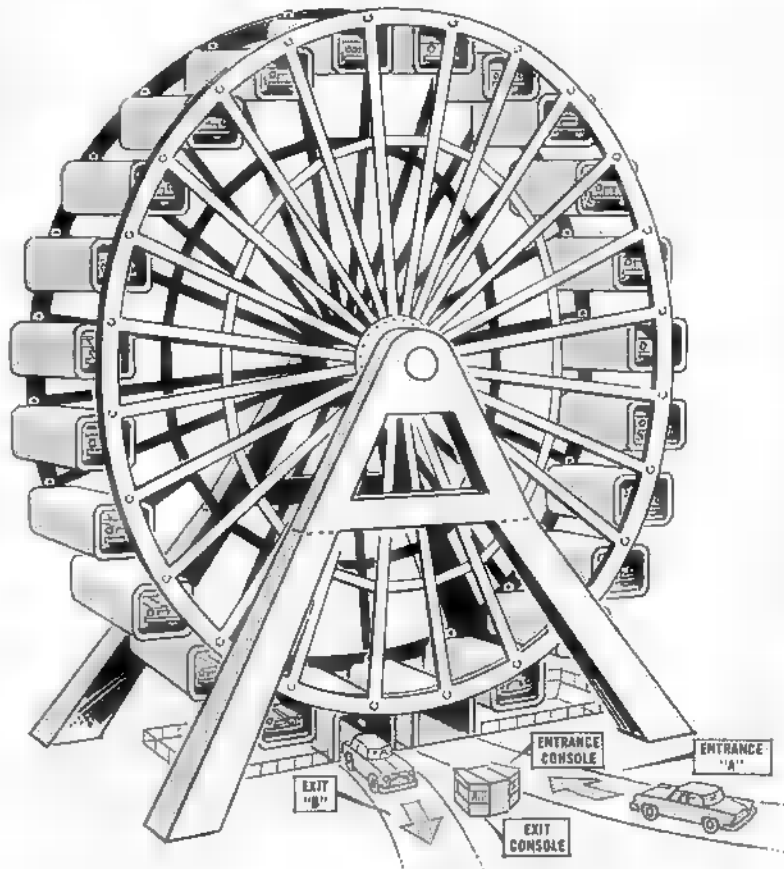
On city streets, where parking is banned because every lane from curb to curb is needed for heavy moving traffic, this system restores the equally-needed but lost parking spaces.

HOW THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER WORKS



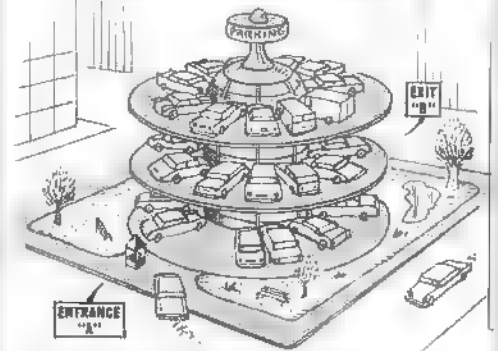
(1) Parking cradle at curbside is firmly attached to its own meter-activated underground hydraulic hoist mechanism.

THE AUTOMATED FERRIS WHEEL RAPID PARKING FACILITY

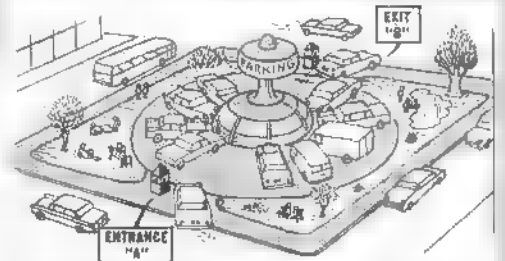


Occupying the space of only six surface-parked cars, the Automated Ferris Wheel Rapid Parking Facility provides parking for twenty-four cars, and its operation is fast and simple. Driver enters at "A" and takes a Computer Punchcard from Entrance Console. This instantly brings an empty space down to him. He parks and leaves. Elapsed time: 30 seconds. To retrieve car, he goes to "B" and inserts Punchcard with proper coins into Exit Console. The Ferris Wheel spins car to him and he drives off. Elapsed time: 30 seconds.

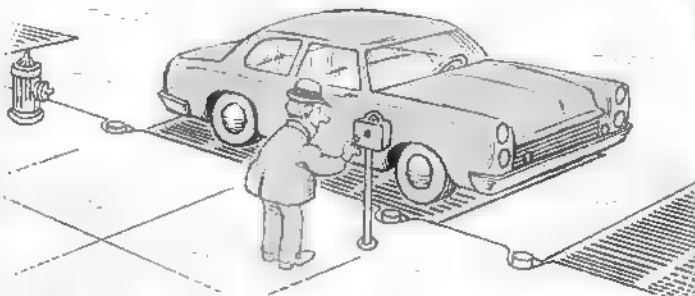
THE MULTI-LEVEL LAZY SUSAN HIGH-SPEED PARKING FACILITY



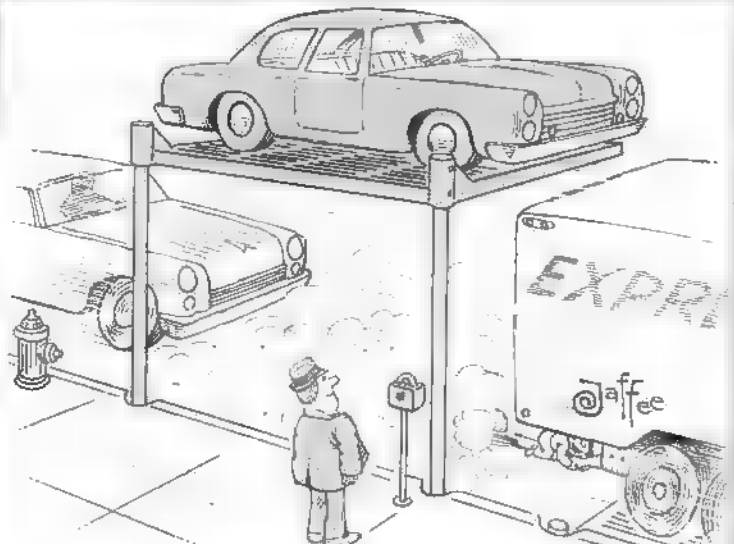
Lazy Susan facility is totally automated and computerized for fast and economical operation. When car enters at "A" and driver removes Punchcard, computer signals for an empty space. Instantly, the Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the space.



To leave, customer merely inserts his Punchcard into Exit Console "B" with proper coins. Again, Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the car instantly. Thus, what was once an ugly parking lot for a handful of cars is now a fast, efficient facility for ten times as many with the added beauty of lovely mini-parks at all four corners.



(2) After Driver parks his car on the cradle, he deposits the proper coins into the meter which activates the hoist.



(3) The car is lifted aloft instantly, leaving the space below free for heavy traffic to flow easily beneath it.

COMMON CENSOR DEPT.

In recent years pollution has been on everybody's mind. Which may be why so many of us have dirty minds. But while we've at least managed to cut down a bit on smog, factory smoke, and industrial wastes in our waterways, nobody has yet found a cure for one of the strangest, most prevalent forms of pollution in history—graffiti. Everywhere you look—in rest rooms, subways, on building walls—you see those same stupid, usually obscene messages scrawled. And nobody seems to know

MAD'S "NICE

HAPPY

Here I sit ~~broken~~ hearted,
~~paid my dime and only~~
TALKS ON MIDEAST PEACE HAVE STARTED.

LOOKING FOR THE TIME?

~~DEFYER LIFE?~~ CALL ME 7/2/2

~~WANTH-555-555~~

PLEASE ~~THE~~ WEATHER? WE 6/2/2

~~Don't~~ ^{ALL} throw cigarette butts
in our bowls -
~~We don't~~ ~~in your~~ ashtrays!

THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED
THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS
TO YOUR HEALTH - AND WE'D HATE TO
LOSE A NICE PERSON LIKE YOU!

PRESIDENT
FORD'S

SUCKS ~~CESS~~

CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO
HONESTY, DECENCY AND A
STRONG BELIEF IN DEMOCRACY
GOD BLESS AMERICA!

FOR A FANTASTIC ~~WINK~~
JOB, SEE ~~CLARA~~ AT
BRUNO'S MASSAGE PARLOR
TO IT THAT YOU FINISH
YOUR EDUCATION.

NO MATTER HOW YOU SHAKE AND YOU DANCE,
~~THE LAST DROP ALWAYS FALLS IN YOUR PANTS~~
YOU'LL NEVER BE OUT OF STEP TO AN ELTON JOHN NUMBER.

what to do about it. Why not uplift it? Why not make graffiti more positive, more inspiring? Let graffiti help people improve themselves and the world they live in! And here's how it can be done: Instead of trying to erase or rub out wall garbage, simply rewrite it so that it says something worthwhile. For instance, here is a typical rest room wall with its typical obscene scrawls. But notice how much better and heart-warming it is after we rework it with a marking pencil and turn it into...



"

GRAFFITI

ARTIST:
BOB CLARKE
WRITER:
LARRY SIEGEL

THIS IS A TEEPEE - IS IT ANY WONDER
FOR YOU TO PEE PEE MANY OF US WOULD
NOT A WIGWAM LIKE TO FIND
TO BEAT YOUR TOMTOM BETTER HOUSING
FOR AMERICAN
INDIANS?

STAND CLOSE
UP FOR AMERICA
STOP
COMMUNISM!
BRAGGINS!

OUR AIM IS TO KEEP
AMERICA STRONG
THIS BATHROOM CLEAN

Man's ambition must be ^{directed} ~~small~~
to write his name on a ~~chilly~~ ~~house~~ wall.

VOTE
YOUR ~~AMA~~ WILL HELP

toward improving the plight
of the disadvantaged!

IN CASE OF ATOMIC ATTACK
DUCK UNDER THIS SINK
(IT HASN'T BEEN HIT YET.)

WE SHOULD CANCEL OUR GRAIN EXPORTS
TO RUSSIA, HAVE HENRY KISSINGER SEND
BREZHNEV A VERY STRONG LETTER, AND
EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT JUST FINE!

SAVE AMERICAN
WANT THE WILDEST
RIGHT OF YOUR LIFE?
Smokey pot and shoot dope
SAYS: ATZANG IES PLACE
"ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT
FOREST FIRES!"

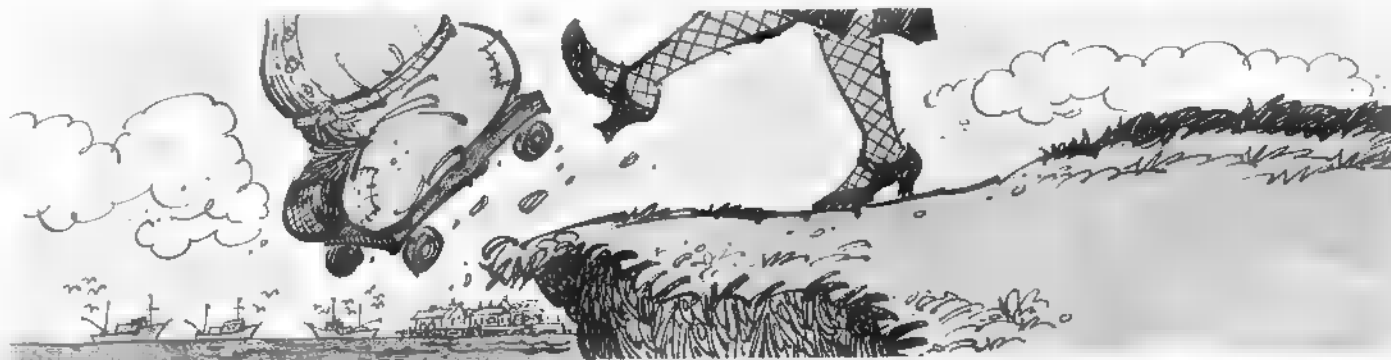
THAT'S SHOE BIZ DEPT.

FOOTNOTES*TO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



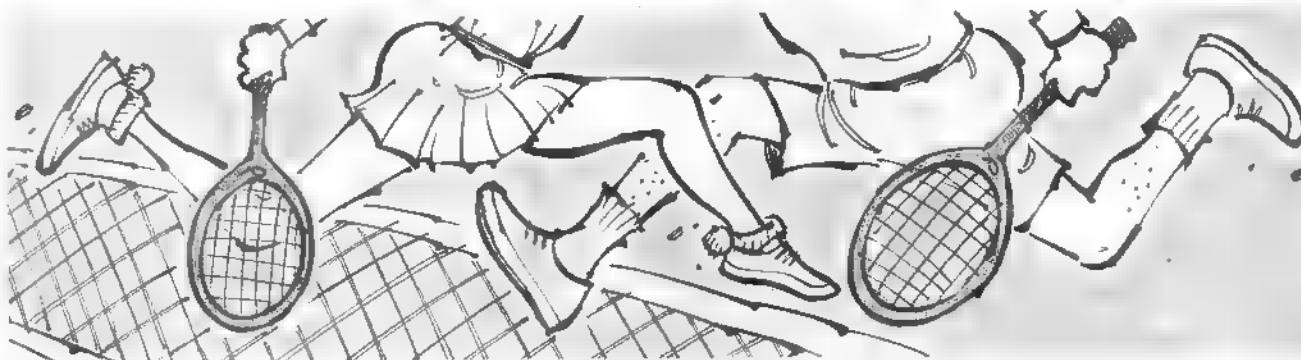
*"I could have had a **banana** ... or a **plum** ... or a **pear** ... or an **orange** ..."



*"I take it, Bess, that you **no longer** is my woman!"



*"Zis issn't much uff a **honeymoon** for you, Eva ... mein liebchen!"

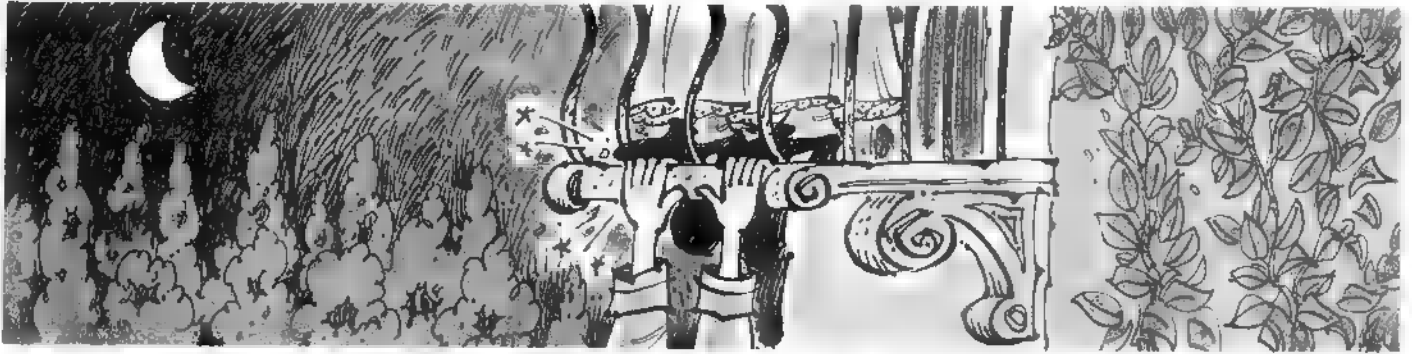


*"We can't go on **meeting** like this, Chrisie ..."

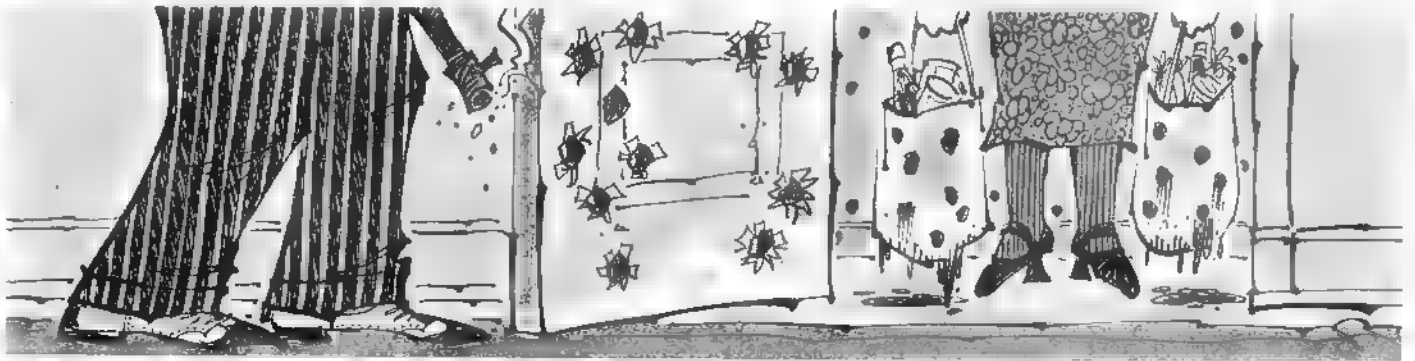


GREAT LOVERS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



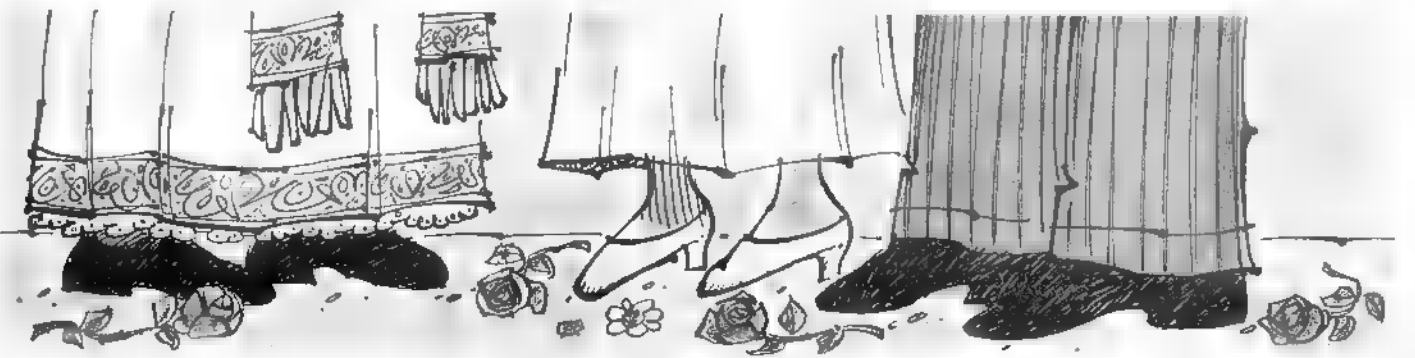
*"O Romeo, Romeo... wherefore art thou, Romeo?"



*"Take it easy, Clyde, baby... it's only me... Bonnie!"



*"You, Jane! Me, Tarzan... and Cheetah... and Simba... and Tantor... and...!"



*"Do you, Dick, re-take Liz...?"

SUM OF THESE DAYS DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

OLD MATH vs. NEW MATH



OLD MATH

Black + White = Gray

NEW MATH

Black + White ÷ Prejudice = Bloodshed

• • • • •

OLD MATH

Man - Money = Going Without Necessities

NEW MATH

Man - Money + Credit Cards = Shopping Spree

• • • • •

OLD MATH

Teachers + Schools = Classes

NEW MATH

Teachers + Schools + Unions + Strikes = No Classes

• • • • •

OLD MATH

Man + Drugs + Dedication = Family Physician

NEW MATH

Man + Drugs - Scruples = Neighborhood Pusher

• • • • •

OLD MATH

Parents + Children = Family

NEW MATH

Parents + Children = Generation Gap

• • • • •

OLD MATH

Young Lady + Wired, Padded Bras = Sex Object

NEW MATH

Young Lady - Bra = Sex Object

• • • • •

OLD MATH

Husband + Wife + Another Woman = Divorce

NEW MATH

Husband + Wife + Another Woman + Another Man = Group Sex

• • • • •

OLD MATH

Shopper + \$40 = Week's Food For Family Of 5 + Trading Stamps + Change

NEW MATH

Shopper + \$40 = Day's Food For 2 People + Dog

• • • • •

OLD MATH

Small Boys + Broomstick + Rubber Ball = Happy Sandlot Baseball Players

NEW MATH

Small Boys + Bats + Hard Balls + Uniforms + Coaches + Pushy, Competitive Parents = Pressured Little League Baseball Players



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: MARYLIN D'AMICO



Hi! My name is **Rhota Rooterstein!** I tell people I was born in the Bronx in 1941—but actually I was **created by Mary Tailor-Made Productions!** They moved me to **Minneapolis,** where I played the best friend of ■ beautiful girl who worked in a News Room! I was ■ **fat, shlumpy girl** who TV audiences could **relate to!** Now, I'm the star of my own show! I **look great,** I'm **liberated** and I'm a very **put-together "with it"** married woman! But somehow, I'm not as **funny** as I used to be! Anyway, I'm back in New York, as if this city hasn't got **enough troubles!** New York . . . here's your last chance to laugh at . . .

RHOTA



Shmoe, I got a letter from Mary today! Will you look at this fancy stationery?!? Isn't it just like Mary! Everything she does is so tasteful!

Mary! Mary! It's always MARY! I'm your Husband! Who comes first in your life . . . ? ■ e . . . or MARY?!?

Well, let me put it this way! I didn't spin off from your series!

Y'know, Rhota! Maybe I'll invite my first wife over for coffee tonight! That should offer some hilarious comic possibilities!

We DID that bit already! Y'know, Shmoe, we're gonna have to be careful! Ever since our Wedding a year ago, it's been kinda down hill! That was our definite high point! Lately, we've been slipping!

In our relationship?

No, our ratings!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Let's go out tonight and have some fun!

I don't think I like your idea of having fun! To me, it's no fun going around town looking at WRECKS!

But wrecks are my living!

Y'know, if we lived in Hiroshima after the war, we'd be out every night!



I heard someone mention "wreck," so I came right up!

Blimpa, why do you keep putting yourself down???

Why not!!! I'm nothing but a fat, insecure Jewish girl!

But you can change, Blimpa! Look at me! Back in Minneapolis, I used to be fat! I used to be insecure! I used to be Jewish!

Yeah! You **USED** to be Jewish! They toned you down! Now, you're somewhere between Elizabeth Montgomery and Sandy Duncan!

I also used to be the funniest girl on my series! That's changed, too! God, how I miss it!

Look at this! I came here depressed . . . and now I've gotta cheer **YOU** up!

So how did your **Blind Date** go tonight?

I got another one of those guys with a weird fetish! This one likes to fondle kneecaps!

What's wrong with that?

His **OWN** . . .?!



Didn't he like you?

What do you mean?

I'm not sure! He kept complimenting me, but he never finished the sentence . . .!

He kept saying I was built like a **BRICK** . . .!



I tell you . . . the hilarity that goes on here every week is priceless! If only these walls could talk . . .!

Hi, there! This is **Drunken** . . . your **Doorman**!

And they're usually a lot funnier than your **Husband**!

There's a tall soft-spoken, dignified lady here to see you!

You forget! In this series, the walls **CAN** talk!

Okay, **Drunken**! What is it?

Okay! Send her right up . . .



Hi, everybody! I just wanna say that insanity is hereditary!! You can get it from your children!

Hey, **Drunken**! You said tall, soft-spoken and dignified! You sent up a four-foot six-inch joke-telling Jewish Mother from the Bronx!

April Fool!

WHAT . . .?!
April Fool!
This is **September**!!

So I'm a little late!

Okay . . . so I'll be a little late with my Christmas gift! Like next **AUGUST**!!

I hate to come into a house empty-handed! Here, **Blimpa** . . . I brought you a cake!

But, Ma . . . I'm on a diet! I can't **USE** a cake!

THIS one you can use! It's a **Wedding Cake**!





Ma!! Why do I get this feeling you're pushing me to get married???

Let's face it, Blimpa! You're gonna be twenty-five! You're no longer in your "cavity-prone years"!

But, Ma... I don't dig any of the guys that I'm dating! They're all WEIRDOS!!

C'mon! What's wrong with Steven Varfman? Steven's IMMATURE! The only way we can have a Candlelight Dinner together is if I let him blow out the match!

And what about that nice Myron Mendelbaum???

Myron's a little STRANGE! He likes to bring BOOKS to bed!

What's wrong with THAT! Lots of guys like to bring books to bed!

To COLOR???



Don't be so choosy! If I were that choosy, you probably wouldn't even be BORN yet!

But, Ma... the right guys never call me! Let's face it, I'm not that attractive! I still buy my clothes in the "Junior Plenty Department"!

Don't put yourself down! Remember when you won that Beauty Contest?

Some Beauty Contest! They voted me "Miss Vacant Lot"!



Why do you keep butting in to Blimpa's life, Ma?

Who's butting in?

And why do you keep doing that?

Doing what?

Answering a question with another question!

Are you crazy? Who's answering a question with another question?



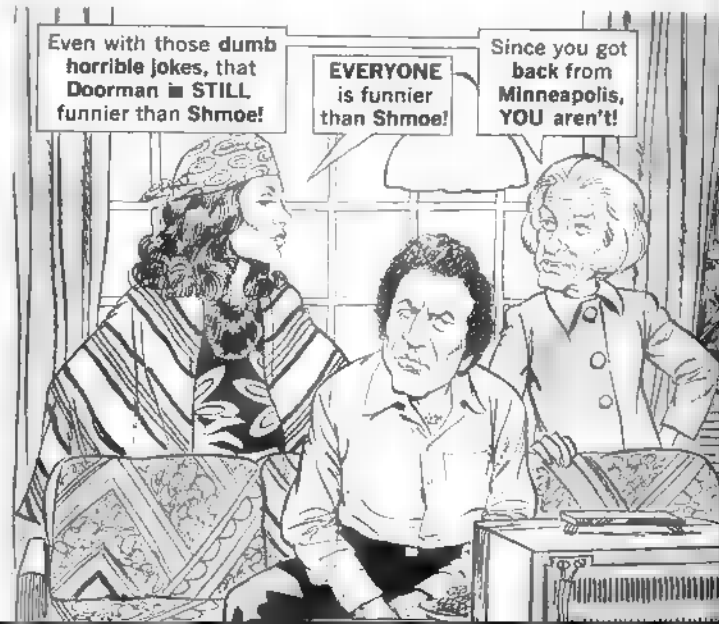
Hi! This is Drunken, your Doorman again!

Yes, Drunken! What is it?

There's a man here asking for your Sister! I think he wants her for his garden!

A man... wants my Sister... for his GARDEN...???

Yes! When he saw her before, he said, "Get a LOAD of that!"



Even with those dumb horrible jokes, that Doorman is STILL funnier than Shmoe!

EVERYONE is funnier than Shmoe!

Since you got back from Minneapolis, YOU aren't!

Why do I get the feeling that this is a female dominated show and I'm slowly being written out of the series?

Hah! You think **YOU'RE** being written out of the series?! What about **ME?!?**

Who are you?

See?!? Even **YOU'VE** forgotten!! I'm Rhota's **FATHER!!**

Oops! I gotta go! I'll be late for my job as Commissioner **McMillan's MAID!**

Ma!! What are you doing here in our bed?!

I... I just wanted to see how much you were enjoying the new sheets I bought you!

But, Ma! Shmoe and I have to live our own lives!

Shmoe and you aren't **COMEDICALLY STRONG ENOUGH** to live your own lives! Why do you think I keep showing up? Why do you think **Blimpa** keeps barging in every few minutes?

You better split, Ma! I mean it!!

Leave?!? I was just getting comfortable!

But Shmoe is getting upset! This is not exactly his dream *menage a trois*!

Okay, I'm going! Any man who demolishes buildings for a living I'd hate to get angry!

Shmoe... I came to talk to you about last night! Are you upset?

Nahh! Besides, I can't talk to you now, honey! I got a building to wreck!

No kidding?! Which one?

Your Mother's—in the Bronx!

You ARE upset!

Hi, Blimpa! How was your weekend?

It's still **Freak City!** Friday, I dated a guy who wore an **EARRING!**

He wore an **EARRING?**

Yeah! He was either a **Gypsy**, an intellectual or a homosexual! And I didn't feel I was good enough for any of them!

Wow! You're really down on yourself!

Maybe I'll try a whole new life in **Minneapolis**—like you did!

Actually, life was dull there! At least in New York, I could always look forward to being molested on the subway!

I never had your luck! Saturday on the IRT, six guys surrounded me in an empty car and "gang-insulted" me!

Blimpa, when you're down like this, there's only one answer! You need a Jewish fix!



What'll it be? "Twinkies"...? "Sara Lee Cheesecake"...? "Oreos"...? "Malomars"...?

That'll be **FINE!!**

You just can't kick the food habit, can you?

It's tough! Last week, I injected Boston Cream Pie into a major artery!

In my fattest days on Mary's show, I never ate that much! Well, at least you can be sure you don't have diabetes! If you did, you'd have been in a coma three years ago!

Hey! Let's not talk about food! Let's change the subject and talk about guys!

Okay, Blimpa! Describe your "Ideal Man"!

I want a guy with hair as black as licorice, teeth as white as Chiclets, skin the color of halavah, and a name like Peter Paul...

That's great! I'm glad we're not talking about **FOOD!!**

What you need is a good stiff drink!

Okay! Make me a hot fudge bourbon!

Aren't you overdoing this a bit, Blimpa? You've been grabbing it all and leaving very little for me!

The food?

No... the **LAUGHS!**

Hi, girls! I'm back! And I didn't come empty-handed! Here's a Brunch Coat for Rhota, and an Electric Razor for Blimpa!

An Electric Razor???

That's right! You ought to shave your legs more often! How can you ever expect to land a Husband when the hair is growing through your Ski Pants?!

What's the occasion, Ma?

They're "Going Away" gifts!

No... but I am! Didn't you hear?? I'm getting my **OWN SHOW...** on another Network!

But we're not going away!!

Well, Blimpa! Until you spin off your own TV show, that just leaves the two of us here to carry on the comedy in this series!

What about Shmoe...?

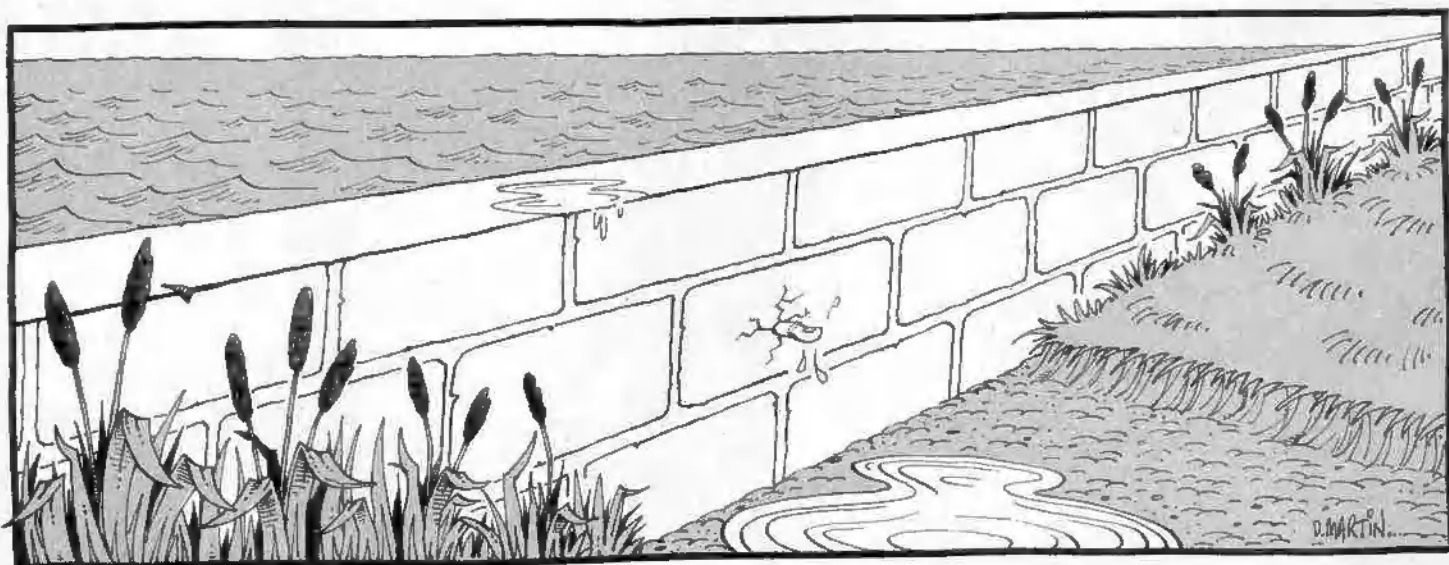
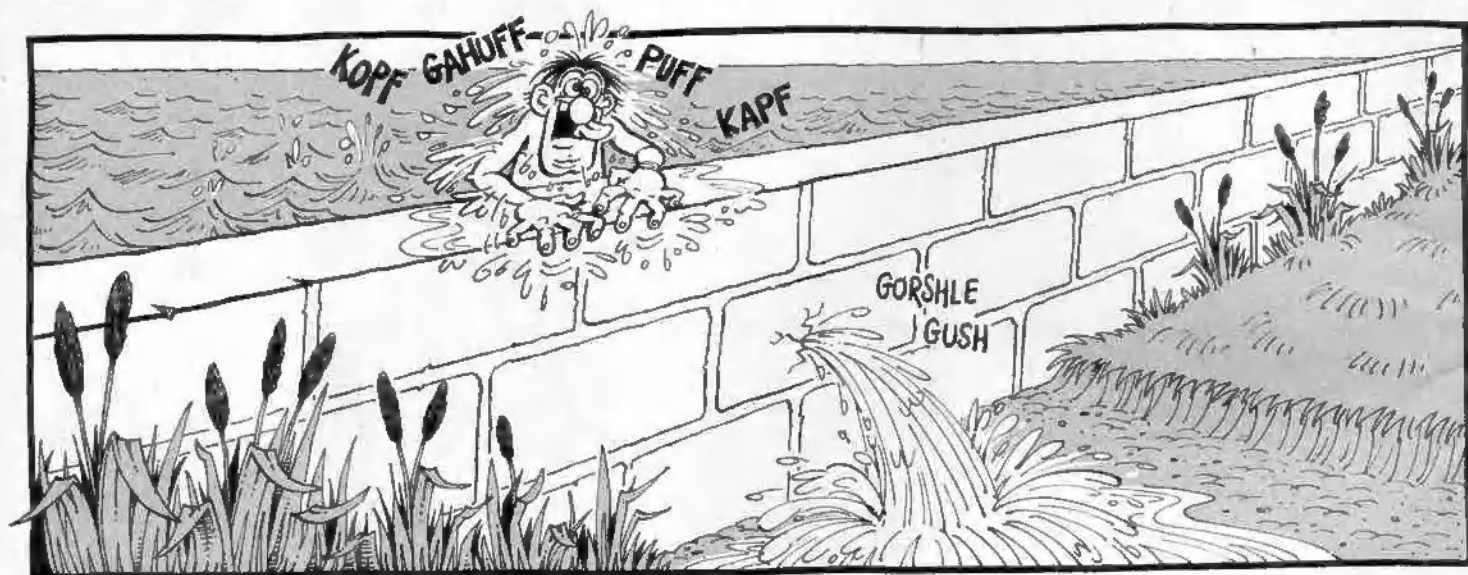
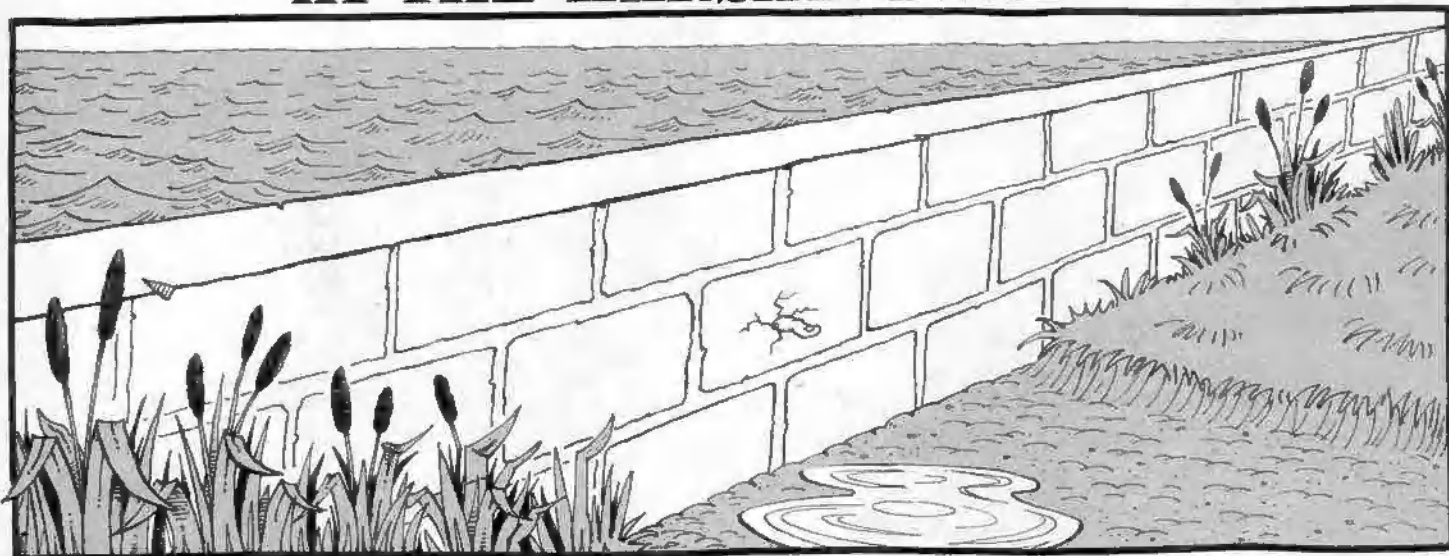
We'll continue to feed him the straight lines as always! He may not **LIKE** it... but what can he possibly do to us??

CRASH

I'm getting out of town! Minneapolis... this is your **LAST CHANCE!!**

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

LATE ONE AFTERNOON AT THE WARSAW DIKE



**WHAT IS
BECOMING
A MOST
DISTURBING
POLITICAL
ARGUMENT
THESE DAYS?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

The art of political persuasion has changed dramatically in recent years. To learn the most upsetting current technique, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

**TERRITORIAL BICKERINGS MAY AMUSE THE HUMORIST
BUT THEY ARE NO LAUGHING MATTER WHEN
TACKLED BY ZEALOUS PARTICIPANTS IN POLITICS**

A▶

◀B

**WHAT IS
BECOMING
A MOST
DISTURBING
POLITICAL
ARGUMENT
THESE DAYS?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



Jaffee

TERRORIST

**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

TACTICS

A ▶ ◀ B

**LET YOUR FINGERS DO
THE WALK — *#★\$@!**



PHOTOGRAPHY: IRVING SCHILD

ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER